The Saturday Evening Post.

Vol. IV.—No. 23. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 4, 1825. Whole No. 201.

TERMS—$3 00 per annum, if paid in advance, $3 50 at the end of six months, and $3 00 if not paid within the year.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second street.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square, inserted three times for $1—larger ones in proportion—a liberal deduction made to Subscribers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Past—The Present—The Future.

Past are the hours of infant glee,
And times of momentary malaise;
When sporting on my father's knee,
Or when a cloud came o'er my gladness.
And early memory has no clue,
By which she can those hours review.

Past are my childhood's sunny days,
When rowing in the paths of pleasure;
When happiness was found in plays,
And flowers and toys were all my treasure.
But fancy strays with smiling mien,
O'er every recollected scene.

Past are my boyhood's wilder years,
When school and play my time divided;
And folly on them stamps appears,
Yet swiftly, and for aye they glided;
But memory gained or foul or fair,
Her scenery and actions there.

The *Present*—to misfortune known,
Enveloped in the gloom of sorrow;
Without a star to guide me on,
The promise of a brighter morrow—
My bosom fraught with pain and woe,
And on my cheek the hectic glow.

Fair spring now dances o'er the plain,
And spreads the grass, and clothes the trees;
And as I view the charming scene,
And breathe once more the balmy breeze,
My strengthened hope again takes wing,
And flies to meet a future spring.

The *Future*—ere the verdant field
Is stript by winter of its bloom,
A victim I to death may yield,
And sleep within the darksome tomb:
My spirit shudders at the thought,
And bids me live the life I ought.

The *Future*—o'er the face of earth,
Returning winters long shall reign;
Succeeding springs again have birth,
And deck with beauty all the plain:
And I may see for many a year,
The winter and the spring appear.

The *Future*—storms may be in store,
To clothe the sky of life in night—
And He who holds them in his power,
May bless me with continual light;
For storms at His command are still,
And light'ning suns obey his will.

May 5th 1825. ALONZO.

"I cannot cease to think of thee,
Both as thou art—and wast—
I would not bid thy image flee,
The present—or the past!
For like a halo round it shines,
With *all* my *soul* it intertwines!"

I see thee as in hours now o'er,
When love, and hope were new;
When Heaven her starry brilliants wore,
And flowers were bath'd in dew:
For *precious* were those hours to me,
Those evenings spent with *love* and *thee*!

The thought of sorrow, only breath'd
A calm, that softly fell,
Upon the garland joy had wreath'd,
Nor broke hopes magic spell!

Bright hope still turns to *other* days,
There, builds her ark of rest,—
"Still scatters round her golden rays,"
And paints the *future* blest!
There bids the dove when storms shall cease,
Light with the olive-branch of peace.

Tho' Time's cold hand is passing near,
May rest upon my brow;
May steal the bloom of youthful years,
The strength that nerves me now;
My *soul's warm feelings* undecay'd,
My *love* for *thee*, shall *know no shade*!

Star ever like those stars, whose place
Is firmly fix'd on high,
And spite of cloud or tempest, trace
Their pathway thro' the sky;
E'en thus, the love, thro' storm or shine,
I pledged thee once, *forever's* thine!

ROSA.

How mildly blows the autumn breeze
Along the woods and forests green,
To strip the beauteous trees of leaves,
Which my delight so long hath been.

Just so the few short days of man,
So transient pleasure pass away;
Oh! Time, thou'rt but a little span,
A short, and fleeting summer's day.

Thus youth to manhood quickly comes,
From manhood to old age is driven;
And then a call from God is heard,
Oh! turn my soul, look up to Heav'n.

EVA.

ON SPRING.

Hail, lovely spring—enchantress of my soul,
Old Boreas shrinks and yields to thy control;
Oh! that thine was an everlasting reign,
For life and beauty follow in thy train:
As from drear winter clad in icy death,
Thou dost emerge and breathe thy balmy breath,
Reviving nature bursts her marble tomb,
And smiling, re-assumes her pristine bloom:
The merry warblers in the leaf crown'd grove,
Chaunt their soft notes, and wake the soul to love:
The lambkins, sport upon the grassy lawn,
The lark ascends, and greets the rising dawn:
The flow'ret opes its bud to scent the air,
And trees, and plants, a cheering aspect wear;
In thee, oh! Spring, all beauty is combin'd,
To raise the gloomy, the desponding mind.

WURTUR.

STANZAS

Addressed to those who understand them.

Come my lads, invite the lasses,
Let us take our annual roam;
Now the Schuylkill's water passes
O'er its dam in feathery foam.

Now its banks are deck'd with flowers,
Fostered by the breath of May;
And the wild bird in its bowers,
Chaunts his tuneful roundelay.

Come my lads, tho' love's bereft us
Of some fair ones since we met,
We shall find there still is left us,
Many a willing fair one yet.

We have known the joy of feeling,
Bliss that music can impart;
From the lips of beauty stealing,
O'er the fibres of the heart.

Seize the oar, and let's be rowing
Gently o'er the lucid tide;
Minstrelsy around us flowing,
Youth and Beauty at our side.

Was there aught in days departed,
That should cause us to refrain?
Know ye not where last we parted,
We were pledged to meet again? M.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Who can forbear to smile with nature, can
The stormy passions in the bosom roll
When every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody!"

There is a secret soothing influence diffused through the works of nature, which irresistibly spreads itself over the soul, and often contrary to the inclination, obliges it to *be still*, and commune with God through his beautiful creation—every angry passion is lull'd into calmness, and care and sorrow subside as gently as the circling eddies on the bosom of a quiet stream, where a bird has just touch'd the water with his playful wing—the serenity that reigns around, broken only by the melody of the wood minstrels, whose songs are sweeter even than silence, seems to afford us a foretaste of that peace, which is the portion of the blessed in another and better state of being—the eye is delighted with the beauty of every form and tint, and the spirit drinks of largely of the stream of pure happiness, as it is possible for man in this world.

The heart that does not feel emotions of love and adoration arise towards the Creator, in seasons like this, when the senses are gratified to their fullest extent, must be cold and insensible to all the better feelings of humanity.

He whose mind is engrossed by the interests, the follies or cares of this life, need not expect to find in Heaven that happiness which the soul in its silent and unbias'd moments of reflection is ever craving: that world where all is pure, quiet, beautiful, could not delight one who seeks only the gratification of sense—it would be a perfect purgatory instead of a Paradise. Good and evil is set before us here, and we have a free will given us, to choose either. Salvation is presented by a merciful God—the Saviour is ever ready to redeem us from the bondage of sin and death, and when so much has been done to bless and to save us—when we are sensible that it is for our own everlasting happiness, is it not strange, that we can remain so callous to all entreaties, of that divine spirit within us, unmoved by the frequent calls without us, to holiness of life and conversation.

How awful will our feelings be in the great day of account, when earth shall no more hide from our view the all-righteous Judge! how earnestly then, seeing those things are not the fictitious tales of poets and romances, ought we to endeavour after the perfection of the immortal part of our being, as far as here it is possible to be attained; we shall not be unassisted in the work. He who requires *this* at our hands, will abundantly furnish us with means, and aid us in the accomplishment. Those that seek Him, will find him near to them, even in their hearts and souls. MARTHA.

THE BIBLE.

Hail, sacred volume of eternal truth!
Thou staff of age! thou guide of wandering youth,
Thou art the race which all that run shall win,
Thou, the sole shield against the darts of sin;
Thou giv'st the weary rest, the poor man wealth,
Strength to the weak, and joy the laser health.
Lead me, my King, my Saviour and my God,
Through all those paths, thy sainted servants trod
Teach me thy twofold nature to explore,
Copy the human, the Divine adore.
To mark through life, the profit and the loss,
And trace thee from the manger to the cross.
Give me to know the medium of the wise,
When to embrace the world, and when despise;
To want with patience, to abound with fear,
And walk between presumption and despair;
Then shall thy blood wash out the stain of guilt,
And not in vain, for even me be spilt.

VIRTUE.

Virtue sheds a lustre over the mind of its possessor, which none can appreciate but those who have tasted of its sweets. The calm and contented mind generally has it for its chief aim—the christian holds it higher than his life—the wicked may scoff and deride, but their own actions bespeak its command in their hearts. In females it always shines brighter than any other ornament: it has a command over the heart of man which is always reverenced through life, it bespeaks a soul above all meanness, and while it is held, cares, and other vexations of life are lost in the sweet knowledge of doing right—yet why is it that we so often see it thrown aside as if worthless, and trouble, iniquity and sorrow, taken in its place; is it because they give man happiness? the lips *may* answer *yes*, but our actions eventually say *no*. There is a feeling in virtue, which none but those who have tasted of its sweets can describe—How lovely 'tis after the fatigues of a day to contemplate the going down of the Sun, and say to ourselves, even, as thou hast revived us by thy genial rays, so am I rejoiced in the knowledge of my having spent this past day well. S.

MIRACLE.

Translated from the German.

One day in Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees, in the garden of the king his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm trees? The youth raised his head, and answered, Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle. A wish, said the prophet, with a smile, which I entertained myself in my juvenile years. And was it granted? hastily asked the prince. A man of God, answered Nathan, came to me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to. He thereupon made with his finger a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but no sooner had I perceived them than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker. The man of God thereupon said to me—Take notice! And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like as the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar. I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent and to attend. Behold, said he, new creations will soon make their appearance. He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odour. Whence, exclaimed I, is this perfume and the refreshing shade? Seest thou not, said the man of God, the scarlet blossom, as shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters? I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement. Nathan ceased speaking. What is the name of the God-like man? asked Solomon hastily. Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell? Son of David, replied Nathan, I have related to thee a vision. When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said. How canst thou deceive me thus? I have not deceived thee Son of Jesse, rejoined Nathan. Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate and with the other trees? Yes, said Solomon, but imperceptibly, and in a long time. Then Nathan answered—Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly?—Study nature and her operations. Then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Description of an Ourang Outang in London.

The features were those of the negro, amalgamated with certain peculiarities of the Chinese, and uniting with both a cast of character reduced it nearer the resemblance of the canine race. A nose of some considerable prominency would have rendered the likeness human, but in the apparent absence of this organ, owing to its flat position in the depression of his face between the eyes and the mouth, the greater length of the forehead, and the projection of the muzzle became so conspicuous, as to produce this greater similitude of the brute creation. In considering the features of this animal with attention, there was an anomalous appearance between age and youth; his unwillingness to part with his cup of tea was testified in the expressive glances of an old negro, with the untutored obstinacy of a rustic boy; he clasped the cup so firmly that it would have been broken before it could have been disengaged from his grasp; but no sooner was the repast finished than he resumed his former mildness and composure, and obeyed his keeper with affectionate obedience. He was accustomed, as we learned afterwards, to sit occasionally at the tea table, in the apartments of Mr. Cross, with himself and his family, where he always behaved with due propriety. An ape or a monkey would have displayed many mischievous tricks among the paraphernalia of the tea table, but 'Jocko' could always be trusted.—Sometimes though seated at the table, he would decline the proffered favor of partaking of the meal, but this he always did with good behaviour, turning his head aside and uttering a monotonous feeble sound as a sign of his refusal. When he experienced the kindness of any grateful present, such as an orange, or other palatable fruit, he would take the hand of the donor and press it to his lips; or those he knew, if required, he would salute upon the cheek with a kind of kiss, for he had some little muscular motion in the lips, though they were destitute of that pliability which ours possess. Sometimes, after declining to partake of whatever chanced to be upon the table and sitting quietly observing the company with an air of melancholy and mildness, he would deliberately rise up in his place, survey subject round him, and if any thing happened to attract his fancy, he would, by pointing at it testify his wish for it: upon such occasions, his only breach of decorum has been, when nothing else upon the table pleased him, to take without permission, or the assistance of the tea tongs, a small lump of sugar from the sugar dish between his thumb and finger. Fruit was the most grateful of his food.

When ill he had broth, which he would eat out of a basin with a spoon, as he had been taught it seems by the boatswain of the Cæsar in his voyage from Java to England. His partiality for raw meats while on board the ship, which Mr. Abel intimates was not observable while he remained in the Exeter Change Menagerie, nor indeed was he singular in this respect, for none of the Simia race subsist on animal food; if by accident they are presented with a piece of raw meat they throw it away after chewing it a little to extract the juice, and indeed it is seldom they are induced to put it to their mouths. Tea, milk, and water, he was in the usual habit of drinking, and Mr. Able mentions coffee. His predilection for strong liquors was once shown in taking a bottle of the captain's brandy. After his arrival in England, he had no access to such ardent spirits, but beer and ale in particular delighted him; he would drink with his keeper mug for mug, until his intellectual powers were pretty well overcome, and half tipsey. Jocko, in such moments was rather inclined to merry movements, not testifying his mirth by any apish or mischievous tricks, but relaxing a little from usual gravity, would romp with much good nature, appearing at sometimes to forget he was a captive and seeming to consider himself only among his friends. Sometimes when the keepers of the menagerie were sitting down to regale themselves with a tankard of ale, he would attentively watch all their movements beneath him, seated in his hammock near the ceiling, in the expectation of being invited to partake of his favorite beverage. For a while he would sit very patiently, and then descending walk up to the table. If still not invited or made welcome, he would perhaps draw a chair to the table, and mounting into it, gaze round him as if to ascertain the cause of being unnoticed; and then resting his hands upon the edge of the table would venture to take a peep in the tankard, and was indeed delighted when he was allowed to drink the liquor that chanced to be remaining. Sometimes the keepers would intimate that he could not want any ale because he had not brought his mug for it; this hint was never lost: Jocko would immediately hasten up to a lofty shelf suspended near his hammock where his half pint handle mug was placed, and returning with it in his hand receive with much expressions of pleasure the portion of ale which they thought proper to pour into the mug, holding it steadily by the handle while they poured it in. His fondness for milk has been mentioned, and as a proof of his sagacity it may be added that he could distinguish the foot-steps of a girl who at an early hour every morning supplied the milk. She no sooner began to ascend a lofty winding staircase leading to his apartment, than he would start from his bed and hasten to the door with a jug in his hand to receive the milk, and if the door happened to be locked inside, as was sometimes the case, he would turn the key in the lock, and open the door with one hand, while with the other he held forth the jug to receive the milk."

COLLECTANEA.

Some years since, a lady of New Jersey had in her employ a faithful servant, a native of Africa. He had lived several years in the family, had always enjoyed their confidence and was particularly valued by her deceased husband. Having one day lost a silk handkerchief for which she had made considerable search, poor Tony was at last suspected of having stolen it. "Tony, said his mistress, I have lost my new handkerchief!" The poor fellow sympathetically replied, "Me very sorry Mittee, me very sorry you lose your handkerchief." The lady pressed the subject no further until another unavailing search was made, after which she thus accosted him at his work. "Tony I have not yet found my handkerchief!" "Me very sorry Mittee, me very sorry you don't find your handkercher." "Yes but Tony the handkerchief could not go away of itself." "Oh no, Mittee!" (smiling) "me know dat right well, me know handkercher can't walk wid out feet." His innocence and the confidence he had so long enjoyed rendered her enquiries still unintelligible to him. At length wearied by his apparent evasions, "Tony" (said she with a deliberate accent,) to be plain with you, I think you must have stolen it! "Me, Mittee!—me—teal—your—handkercher!" "Yes Tony, I do think you must have stolen it." He stood mute—I have no words he thought! I am in a land of strangers! Tis by deed alone I can manifest my abhorence of the crime. An axe lay beside him—he stretched out the hand that had so long faithfully served her, and with one blow severed from it the first joint of his little finger; then holding up the wounded hand to his accuser, "me trike off *all* my finger, 'fore me teal your handkercher." Some time afterwards the handkerchief was found behind a drawer of the bureau, where it had been accidentally placed by the opening and shutting of the drawer: Poor Tony, however, carried with him to the grave a mark which evinced the savage grandeur—the wild nobility of his soul.

A celebrated Quaker of Philadelphia, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of wo approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her by the hand, thus accosted her: "So, friend, I see that thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This seasonable reproof had such an effect upon the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately had all her trappings of grief removed, went about her necessary business and avocations, and soon after took another husband.

DWIGHT AND DENNIE.

Some few years since, as Dr. Dwight was travelling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at the stage Hotel, in one of its populous towns, for the night. At a late hour also arrived at the inn Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord, that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occuped by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie; although I am a stranger to the reverend Doctor, perhaps I can bargain with him for my lodgings. The landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself. The Doctor, although in his night gown, cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the refreshing arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated.—The Doctor, struck with the literary physiognomy of his companion, unbent his austere brow and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Rittenhouse, and a host of literary distinguished characters, for some time gave a zest and interest to their conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie. "Dennie, the editor of the Port Folio, (says the Doctor in a rhapsody) is the Addison of the United States—the father of American belles letters. But, sir, continued he, is it not astonishing that a man of such genius, fancy, and feeling, should abandon himself to the inebriating bowl, and bacchanalian revels?" "Sir, (said Dennie,) you are mistaken; I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated." "Sir (says the Doctor) you err. I have my information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right and you are wrong." Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Doctors Abercrombie and Mason were among our most distinguished divines, nevertheless he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian—the first logician—and the greatest poet America has produced. But, sir, (continued Dennie) there are traits in his character undeserving so great and wise a man, of the most detestable description; he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!" "Sir, (said the Doctor,) you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary." "Sir, says Dennie, you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate acquaintance of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth." "No more slander! says the Doctor, I am Mr. Dwight, of whom you speak!" "And I too, exclaimed Dennie, am Mr. Dennie, of whom you speak!" The astonishment of Dr. Dwight may be better conceived than told; suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were extremely happy in each other's acquaintance.

Cure for Deafness.—Fill a clean stone bottle about the size of a blacking bottle with hot water; lay the ear on the bottle as hot as can be borne, so as the steam may ascend into it, every night when going to bed, for five or ten times.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE WANDERER'S LEGACY,

Or, The Warlock of Rotherglen.

"Cold was the night-wind, drifting fast the snow fell;
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way sore."

From the "Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin."

The little cottage of Andrew Cullen was beautifully situated in the sequestered valley of Rotherglen, a romantic spot in Scotland, a short distance from the Frith of Forth. It was a neat and comfortable habitation; its proprietor was not wealthy, yet the little spot of ground which surrounded his cottage was well cultivated, and yielded him an ample subsistence. Near this simple spot the ancient Castle of Rotherglen reared its proud battlements, forming the wide contrast between courtly magnificence and village simplicity. Once, and well did Andrew remember the day, the festive board smoked merrily in the "Auld Castle." The minstrel's harp echoed its silver notes sweetly through its halls, and the beacon light from the high tower warned the benighted traveller, that if he bent his steps that way, he would there find good cheer, a resting place, and an honest Highland welcome. But those days had passed away, yet their joys still hung upon the memory of old Andrew, whose greatest pleasure was in narrating the various legends of the "Auld Lairds o' Rotherglen"—legends of honour, which had existed "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

It was a dreary night in the month of December, the wind whistled wildly through the glen, and the snow fell in large flakes with great violence. Andrew was seated with his dame before their cheerful fire, as usual, recounting the wonderful deeds and "hair breadth 'scapes" of the Lords of Rotherglen.

"It was just sic a neeght as this," said the dame, "if I mind rightly, when the puir leddy o' the castle left her bonny bame wi' her wee bairn."

"Worse, dame, muckle worse," replied Andrew.

"And hae ye never ken'd the cause o' her sae doing, gudemon," inquired Jennie.

"Weel, dame, hae ye never heard it?" replied Andrew; "draw closer to the hearth; this bonny blaze is ower comfortable on sic a night, an' I will tell ye. When the auld Laird died, as ye well ken, the young Allan o' Rotherglen had just wedded the bonny Blanche o' Linlithgow; weel, there was a sair time when the auld Laird died, but it soon wore off, an' the young one was the happiest o' husbands. Oh, dame, he was a blithsome chiel, an' there was never a truer spirit in the breast o' any man; but he must needs gang awa' to some foreign land, so he kissed his leddy, and his bairn, not quite twa months auld, and left the bonny castle and our green glen. In the castle, as the story goes, there was a vassal o' the Laird's, (bad luck to his memory,) named Rab-the-Rough-one, wi' an eye as dark an' keen as the wild wolf, an' a heart as black as the evil one's, who attempted the virtue o' the sweet leddy; the fright and horror threw her into a fever which seized her brain, an' it was soon seen that the puir creature had gane daft. One night, it was much sic a one as this, she left the braw castle, by some means or ither, wi' her bairn, and since then she has not been heard of—Rab, the villain, when he found this, fled also; but, thank heaven, he was drowned in trying to ford the river. In a few months the Laird came hame agen; but when he found that his leddy had gane, nane ken'd where, he also fled in search, but never came back agen—he may be dead, or in the Holy Land; but auld Rotherglen has been deserted ever since, and do you think that the beacon will ever throw its bonny light on the glen agen?"

"Never!" ejaculated the dame, "never!"

"False!" cried a deep voice, "false! false!"

Jennie clung to her husband in alarm, who, starting from his seat, turned his eyes in the direction from whence the voice came. The door was open, and in the passage stood a tall and majestic figure—he was clad in a black gown, which reached from his shoulders to his feet—a sable mantle was thrown over this, and a sort of cowl concealed his features.

"For the love o' God, who are ye?" cried Andrew.

"It matters not," replied the stranger—"Is this a night, Andrew Cullen, for you to be seated by your fire-side, listening to the foolish predictions of old women—rise, and out with you; even at this moment there may be some poor wretch perishing for want of aid in this tempest—away, Andrew; I have other duties to perform."

He left the astonished cottagers, and Andrew followed, notwithstanding his wife's entreaties to the contrary—never since her marriage had the good woman experienced such bitter anxiety during her lord's absence as she did now; but it was of short duration, for he soon returned, leading a female, and in his arms bearing an infant.

"Puir soul, puir soul," said the humane cottager, as he seated the wanderer in the chair which his dame had already placed—here, gudewife, take the bairn; it sleeps, but I fear its puir mither is drapping in the sleep o' death."

Jennie obeyed, and rendered such other services as the situation of the female demanded.

"Where am I?" said she, looking wildly around; "in the forest—aye, in the forest, and the vulture seized on my babe; but I will get him again, I will get him, and she sung—

The heaven shall blaze, and the frost shall be given,
And I will come down from the bonny Blue Heaven,
A cloud for my veil, the storm for my trailer;
And flaming at all reigns in fair Rotherglen valley.

"I have him, my sweet Allan," said the maniac, caressing the infant—"Here, take him, take him—he is a rich legacy—I must go—he whom I saw in the forest yesterday has hold of me—I am cold—very, very cold, and my heart is chilled to the core; but my brain, that burns dreadfully—take care of the legacy—good bye!" She sank into a sleep, and the good cottagers caught from that circumstance a gleam of hope; but it was delusive—from that slumber the poor maniac never awoke.

"I could a'maist think," said Andrew, as he assisted his dame in laying out the corse of the poor wanderer, whose troubles had thus terminated, "that it was the bonny Leddy Blanche hersel'—but na, it is not her—her hair, Jenny, was long, and as black as the jet feathered raven's; an' see," he continued, parting the tresses of the deceased as he spoke, "these are grey, quite as grey as mine."

She was buried—no parish beadle, as was the custom in those days, went from house to house to tell her name, for she was nameless; but he went with the passing bell, and told her tale to those who asked for whom it rang, and there was many who attended the poor wanderer to her grave, and shed the heart's own drop—the genuine tear of pity to her memory. Andrew returned in sadness to his cottage—the orphan babe was seated on the lap of the dame; he took it from her, and kissing its cheek, yet pale from exposure to the wintry blast, said,

"Yes, I will be a father to thee, puir bairn, else thou wert fatherless on earth—and, dame, ye'll be a mither, a fond mither, to the little Allan, or I dinna ken your heart—we'll keep and cherish the Wanderer's Legacy."

And it is the story of that orphan, from this period until manhood, with which I shall trespass on the reader. It is fiction, yet it may interest. We gaze on the wild flowers of nature with admiration, and inhale their fragrance with pleasure; but we see those same flowers adorning the gay parterre, in the studied elegance of art, and are dazzled with the splendour of their arrangement, but we do not experience the same degree of enjoyment as when we first beheld them in the wildness of nature—so it is with literature; fiction may be considered its wild flowers, and if we gather them promiscuously, we may acquire its beauties; but if we once attempt to separate them, and metaphorically arrange them, it is like selecting the fairest of nature's flowers for the garden of art, and, like their acquired splendour, may dazzle the senses, without winning the heart. After apologizing for this digression, we will return to Andrew's cottage.

It was as the good old man had surmised—the dame was a mother to the orphan Allan, and cherished him with all a mother's fondness, and she was amply repaid, for she beheld the boy, whom she loved so dearly, increase in beauty and intelligence as he advanced in age, and believing himself to be the son of the worthy cottagers, as such he honoured and adored them.

He was in his tenth year, when rambling one day through his native glen, with bow and arrow, that favourite of childish sports, he found himself somewhat beyond his usual distance from home. It was a spot which he had never seen before—it was romantic and wild—numerous crags of great height stretched themselves along the glen, far almost as the eye could reach, while the distant murmurings of the Frith of Forth, was wafted to the ear by faithful echo, with melancholy sound. The boyish mind of Allan experienced a sort of pleasing terror; for, although his was a mind almost instinctively inclined to admire the beauties of nature, yet it was not so entirely divested of those fears which would be most naturally excited in the youthful breast, in a place so wild and lonesome as that where Allan found himself. He was not, however, so overcome with terror, as to forget the path by which he could regain his father's cottage. It is early yet, thought he, and I will rest myself on this stump, and reclining himself on what remained of a light-ning-blasted tree, sank into a sleep—a sleep of all others the most enviable, for it was the undisturbed repose of youthful innocence. When he awoke, he started in terror, on seeing, standing over him, the same figure which had been the means, perhaps, of saving his life, by arousing Andrew to a sense of his duty on the night of the storm.

"Fear not, boy," said the Warlock, "I am not one who would injure thee—I know too well the bitter pangs of misery, to inflict them on others—whose son are you?"

"Andrew Cullen's, who lives at the border of the glen, a few paces from the old castle," replied our hero.

"And your name?"

"Is Allan."

"Allan! Allan!" cried the hermit—and he pressed his temples violently; but soon recovering himself, he added, "and to what trade are you to be educated?"

"A soldier—I will be a soldier," replied Allan; "for then I might get the fame which the Lords of Rotherglen had, and if I am brave like they were, who knows but that I may one day be a lord, and live in a braw castle like old Rotherglen, which now stands empty?"

"You are a noble boy," said the Warlock, disposed to continue the conversation, "and what would you do, were you a soldier and a lord?"

"Why," replied the boy, "were I a soldier, I would fight for my country while I had life; and were I a lord, and had a fine castle, I would have an old harper to sing of brave men and battles for the knights, and of love for the ladies. I would feast the poor, and light a beacon on the tower for a guide to way-lost travellers."

"And where did you learn all this?" inquired his highly amused auditor.

"Often has my father told me the tales of the Lairds of Rotherglen," answered Allan—"he loved them dearly, for they were the pride of his heart."

"Well," said the recluse, as he parted the dark ringlets and kissed the white forehead of the beautiful boy, "if you will come here to me daily, I will teach you the soldier's art. When you are old enough, you shall be one, and one day you may become a lord, and have a minstrel in your train, and a beacon on your castle tower. See, my boy, the sun is now sinking in the west—I will see you nearly home, and on the way we will continue this, your favourite theme."

"Will, will you, indeed, teach me to be a soldier—and can you?" cried Allan.

"I can, and will," replied the Warlock"—and taking the willing hand of the proud boy, they bent their steps towards his cottage home.

During the walk, our hero continued this conversation, and he sighed when, approaching the cottage, he bade adieu to his new friend.

"Ye have tarried a lang time, Allan," said Andrew; "your mither here has been speering and praying, for fear ye had takin' your abode wi' the Warlock, or some ither galberlunzie o' the glen."

"And so I have, mother," said the arch boy—"I have indeed been with the Warlock, and trust to see him again on the morrow."

"An' for what noo," cried Jennie; "is not your ain hame gude enow, but ye must be ganging a'ter sic a clamjamfry o' ghaists, wizzards and galberlunzies—ye munna gang, Allan—ye dinna ken the danger o' it, my canny bairn."

"Danger, mother," returned Allan; "oh, indeed, there is none; besides, I am going to be a soldier, and they, you know, are strangers even to that word."

"A soger too!" cried the good woman, with uplifted hands; "a soger ye wad be—why, the carle, he is clean daft; as if he could na stay in his ain peacefu' hame, an' be an honest farmer, like his ain feyther."

"Let the boy alane, dame," said Andrew, who, after many unavailing attempts, at length contrived to edge in his opinion—"if his mind is fixed for a soger's life, so be it, an' a braw one will he make, wi' a braid tartan o'er his shoulders, an' a bright claymore at his side."

And so it was—the disposition thus early manifested, grew and strengthened as the years of Allan increased; daily did he attend the Warlock, who found himself repaid in the rapid progress and improvement of his interesting pupil.

We will pass over the intervening period of our hero's life, until he attained the age of nineteen, which he reached about the period when the brave Wallace took the field, in opposition to the British Edward. The gallant heart of our hero panted to enlist under the banners of the Scottish chief; and after many entreaties on his part, and remonstrances from his parents, he at last obtained their consent, and he prepared to leave the quiet cottage for the bustle of the camp.

Tears of mingled pride, pleasure, and regret, glistened in the eyes of Andrew, as he saw his dear boy mount the proud war-horse, the gift of the unknown friend; for the idea of his being a Warlock had almost wore away. The full black eyes of Allan beamed with the brilliancy which the energy of the heart imparts to the countenance, and they were only dimmed when he bade adieu to his parents and Lizzie Dean. Lizzie was a lovely orphan girl, who had been placed under the guardianship of Andrew, on the death of her only remaining parent, her mother. She had been the companion of Allan, from the period of his eleventh year, until the hour he bade her farewell—the partner and alleviator of every childish sorrow, or the partaker of every youthful joy. As they increased in years and understanding, so did they in love, and although one had seen but nineteen summers fade, and the other but seventeen, yet he did not leave her until "after affiance made, and troth plighted between them."

He left his home; and while he is speeding onward to the camp, we will return to the cottage. It was the first evening after Allan's departure, Andrew was seated at the fire in his arm-chair, not as usual, because there was no smile on his face. The dame was seated opposite, not as usual, for the knitting had dropped from her hand, and she was "nid, nid, noddin"—and Lizzie was also by the fireside, but not as usual, for her fine eyes glistened with tears. At length Andrew broke silence—

"A pretty jolly set are we likely to be," said he; "if we gang this gate, hoot rouse, ye gudewife, and you, Lizzie, strive, my little minstrel, to send care awa' wi' a song."

"My heart is not merry, yet I will do any thing," answered the sweet girl, "to dissipate this melancholy mood into which we all seem to have fallen"—and, with a sweet voice, she commenced the following song:

The Southron has come now wi' sabre and brand,
With terror he's fill'd our ain native land;
To conquer them bravely my lover has sped,
To glory my ain Highland laddy has fled

See bravely he look'd wi' his braid tartan streaming,
And bright in the sun-beam his claymore was gleaming;
See sweet did he smile through the tear in his e'e,
As he said, "my ain lassie, I'll soon come to thee."

Oh! yes, I shall see, when the warfare is over,
In his ain lovely cottage, my dear eager lover,
An' gaily we'll roam through the glen, gay and greasy,
The brave Highland lad, wi' his wild Highland lassie.

Through life we contented we'll cheerfully rove,
Wi' the blessings o' virtue, the bright stules of love;
And when age o'er us comes, wi' an untainted name,
He'll be the auld daddy, an' I the auld dame.

So would the evenings at the cottage be passed during the absence of Allan—of conversation he was the constant theme—eagerly did they look forward to the termination of the war, and fervently did they pray that the beloved one would be restored to them in health and safety, to cheer the remaining years of the old couple, and to receive the promised hand of Lizzie Dean.

It was not long before Allan arrived at the camp of the immortal Wallace, and it was then that his manly bosom felt the exulting glow of patriotism, as the prospect of success presented itself to his vivid imagination, and its attendants, glory and fame, in his grasp. Ere the lapse of a few days, he became acquainted with his military brothers, who were well pleased with their new companion.

There is a fellow feeling in those who march together to the field of battle, arising from the conviction that they all share in whatever may be the result of the contest; that if death is the fate of one, so may be the portion of the other. From such reflections that feeling arises which will invariably be found to unite soldiers to each other; and so it was with Allan—after a few days residence in the camp, he entered, heart and soul, into the feelings of his compatriots in arms, when at the board he quaffed his glass with them, and joined merrily in the national glee or social catch. Seated round the board with his messmates, gaily singing, and reckless of what might be their fate to-morrow, the loud note of the bugle summoned them to arms. The hour which had been assigned for the commencement of the march, had arrived to them sooner than they anticipated, for they forgot, in their conviviality, that it was near at hand, and in fact it had like to have passed by, but for the well-known note which summoned them—where? thought Allan, and it was the first time the reflection had shot athwart his mind—to death, or glory. It was, however, no time for moralizing—glasses were thrown by, glees and catches were forgotten, and every man was in an instant at his post. The march commenced, and the army of Wallace soon arrived at the foot of Stirling Bridge, where they met the royal forces of Edward. It was a splendid sight—the gay and numerous soldiers of the English monarch formed a striking contrast to the mountain followers of the Highland chieftain; their simple garb, their bonnets and tartans, did not win the eye, as did the gaudy uniforms and plumed caps of the British soldiery. The day was overcast, but now and then the sun would peep from a cloud, and shed his rays on the brass and steel ornaments of the royal host. But there was that in the appearance of the Highlanders which animated the mind, if it dazzled not the eye. It was their healthy and intelligent countenances, beaming with that expression which a consciousness of right gives to the features—they were inferior in numbers to the foe, but far, very far, superior in courage and rectitude. So did the issue prove—the battle raged fiercely, and where it was the thickest, there was Wallace, and at his side our hero. The voice of his leader, while it cheered his heart, nerved his arm, and the martial music drove from his mind every thought unconnected with patriotism and glory. At length the battle ended—the army of Edward was defeated, and Warrenne, their leader, was slain.

It would be swelling this tale to an unnecessary length, were we to follow Allan through his course of glory—suffice it, that he remained with Wallace until treachery gave the chieftain to the power of his enemies. He then returned to Rotherglen, where, finding the girl of his heart faithful, they were, with Andrew's and Jennie's consent, united. It was at their bridal feast, when each lad and lassie were lightly footing in the Highland reel, that the guests were thrown into entertaining confusion by the sudden appearance of the Warlock.

"Ah! my benefactor," cried Allan, "I sought you where I first beheld you, and you were not to be found; but, welcome, thrice welcome, to witness and partake of my happiness."

"Thanks, my brave boy," said the Warlock; "I have chosen this time to fulfil what remains of the promise I made when first I saw thee. I said you should become a soldier—you have become a brave and worthy one. I also said you might become the lord of a castle—so shall you come; in this assembly do I adopt thee, and by this will, when I am dead, you will become the Lord of Rotherglen—as yet he lives in me."

"The Laird of Rotherglen alive!" cried fifty voices. Old Andrew was at his feet in an instant.

"Oh! this is owre much for me," cried he—"an' it is her ain sel' I see—oh, my dear master! But wha do ye ken it is, you are adopting?"

"The son of Andrew Cullen," replied Rotherglen.

"Not sae," returned Andrew; "do ye mind the stormy night that you ca'd me from my hame, to assist sic as might be i' the tempest. I saved a bonny leddy wi' her bairn—that bairn is Allan. Who were his parents, God but knows; but if they live, he has the mark o' an arrow on his breast."

"An arrow!" cried the lord; "so was my infant marked." She tore open the kilt of Allan—the mark was there. Clasping his son in his arms, he cried, "rich was the Wanderer's Legacy! It is my son, my own Allan!"

"My father!" cried Allan, "it is to thee then, that I owe my present honours. It was Andrew who guided my infant years, and taught me virtue—you, my own father, kindly improved the soil my guardian prepared, and placed me in the paths of honour and of glory. Now let me give unto your arms a daughter, humble in birth—rich only in virtue and in beauty." Rotherglen blessed his daughter, and embraced her fervently.

The conclusion of this story may soon be told. Allan continued in the paths of glory, and remained firm in the cause of his country, until the contest terminated. Once more was the castle opened, and the tenantry and all around feasted at its hospitable board. The minstrel's harp again echoed through its halls. The foster parents of Allan took up their residence there, where happily they spent the remainder of their lives—old Andrew declaring, "that it was the proudest hour o' his life, when his noble bairn bade him be the first to light the beacon on the castle tower."

ALCANZOR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ELEGY

On the death of a beloved Sister.

She's gone!—her spotless soul has wing'd its flight
To blissful mansions of celestial light;
There to await the presence of her God,
Who greets the pure in heart with welcome nod:
A Bleeding Saviour's dying worth to prove,
And feast immortal on his boundless love:
There, mingling harps and songs, th' angelic choir,
With hymns of praise, her glowing breast inspire
Matilda! Spirit of that form once lov'd,
But now by changeless destiny remov'd!
What can thy image from my mind erase!
On which depicted, ev'ry Christian grace
Shone bright—resplendent as the mid-day sun,
When half his devious circling course is run.

Thou wert a flower—whose early fragrance shed
The sweetest perfume:—but they now are fled;
A Flower whose blooming beauties gave delight:
But now they're shrouded in eternal night;
A lovely flower—alas! untimely lost
To all thy friends—nipt by a cruel frost.
Too keenly mem'ry claims her wound right;
E'en now, she seems to cross my tranced sight:
Methinks her form, serenely bright, I view,
Beck'ning her hand, and waving her adieu.

To her, Religion found an humble child,
And oft her sorrows and her pains beguil'd:—
For when her prospects flash'd across her mind,
What joy! what comfort could she find!
'Twas then that grief—o'erwhelming grief expressed
The varied feelings of her troubled breast:—
But whilst the tear stole trickling down her face,
She bow'd resign'd, and sought for heav'nly grace:
Grace—which with living faith enrich'd her mind,
Her soul exalted, and her thoughts refin'd:—
So, when a Lily droops, the showers descend,
And to the earth their moist'ning influence lend;
Reviv'd, with conscious pride its head it rears,
And in the lists no rival plant appears.

Her lisping—prattling infants ne'er shall prove
A mother's watchful care, and tender love;
Her kind instructions they shall now forego,
Too Young her merits, or to prize or know:—
Fast down their cheeks the scalding tear shall steal,
And to surrounding Friends their woes reveal,
As at some future day, unconscious, they relate
Matilda's virtues and untimely fate. HALE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE PARTING.

There is a pang in parting from beloved friends, which reaches the inmost recess of the heart, and sways every tender feeling. The gushing tear, the heaving sigh, and the agonized grasp of the hand, alone speak that language within, which, like an imprisoned bird, struggles to be free. The little circle of friends, which gave "wings to time" in many a season of social merriment, is scattered, and memory alone is left to feast on cherished friendships—the "mind's eye" to dwell on valued forms; the impression there, like a tender plant, is nurtured by affection, and the ever-green scion blooms on "memory's waste," while the parent stem flourishes or decays in a foreign land. To view the hour of parting from a distance, we see not half its sorrows, but a nearer approach reflects that which frowns on the smile of peace, and banishes tranquillity from the bosom. I have parted with many young friends in life, and the saddened moments will never be forgotten. Methinks I see them now, with sorrowful visages, endeavour to assume a complacency wholly foreign to their hearts, while the highly-wrought feelings portrayed in their countenances destroy every appearance of that philosophy they wished to display. May my young friends never feel the anguish of parting from those they love; nor the chain of friendship, which links two kindred hearts in one, ever be weakened by a separation. Let them never feel this, and the society of established friends will calm the rough billows of life, and lend a ray to cheer misfortune's night. IDA.

"VILLAGE SKETCHES, OR TALES OF SOMERVILLE."

(CONCLUDED.)

We conclude to day the notice commenced last week of the "Village Sketches," by two extracts; the first from the "Friends Meeting," an agreeable tale, intended partly as illustrative of the prejudices which so unjustly prevail with one denomination or sect of people against another. Charles Sanford, an Episcopalian, rather more gay in dress and manners than his friend, Henry Wilmuth, is on a visit with this friend to the family of the Wilmuths, who reside near Somerville. From their difference of habit and opinion, they make several attempts at convincing each other of error, &c. We have only room for the following:

"Every one is entitled to his opinion" said Charles, "and I admit that a man cannot always control that opinion. But, Harry, I must still think you Quakers have many strange customs about you—your dress too! Why is your dress so different from all other people?"

"I might, perhaps with more propriety ask why, all other people dress so different from us? The Quakers, as you call them, have never changed *their* form of dress. It is you that have deviated from the becoming simplicity of the former times."

"But" returned Charles, "would you attire us in the dangling robes of antiquity.—The world changes and so must appearances. How, for instance would our pretty Belles look figured off in the hoop and furbelow of the days of good queen *Bess?* Not to slight the Quaker lasses—I would observe friend Harry, that if it was not for those little plain bonnets——"

"And what of the little plain bonnets"—interrupted Harriet, with a pleasing smile, who had just entered unobserved with a plain bonnet on—"you are not abusing them I hope?"

Charles coloured up, as he caught the laughing expression of Harriet's soft blue eyes.

"No Harriet"—said he "excuse me—but—I was only going to observe that your plain bonnets would look much better with artificials in them."

"A very artificial conclusion," replied Harriet, artfully, "I presume Charles, you love to gambol among the flowers. No wonder you are so partial to rural scenery—but pray—would all your pretty nosegays, very tastefully arranged, in a flaring leghorn, make us any *better* than the poor little plain bonnet?"

"They would make you *prettier*, friend Charley thinks," said Henry.

"Nay—nay"—replied Charles, I meant nothing, and what avails this parley?—The bonnets may do well enough, and any thing becomes Harriet."

"Mary Irvine" is an affecting tale. An innocent lovely girl, the idol of her parents, who watched the early promises of their child with a fondness savouring of enthusiasm—the unhappy victim of unrequited love. Such was Mary Irvine, who, at a tender age, against the knowledge and consent of her parents, became the wife of one who too well succeeded in stealing her young and innocent affections, but wanted the soul to appreciate the value of the precious jewel he had gained.

Mary's father, in the mean time, died, and her mother, who was seldom contented in the absence of her daughter, concluded to spend the remainder of her days with the young couple. But it was to witness a sad contrast in so early a stage of their affections. She beheld, with pain and anxiety, the absence of those kind little attentions which at first fell from Wallace towards his wife, and which tend so much to sweeten the ties of married life. He was no longer at the fire side, beguiling the evening hours away, by reading to his Mary the pages of some favourite author. He no longer cheered her with the sprightliness of his conversation—those tones to which she had always listened with such a delightful tenderness of feeling. When at home, he had become sullen and morose, said little, and would not suffer the least reproach. Mary smiled on him with her usual tenderness, hung upon his neck when he returned in the evening, and while she parted the dark locks from his brow, would ask, "why his gentle features no longer wore the pleasing smile that used to enliven them." Wallace would look up and catch the mild expression of her soft blue eyes, and turn his head away with silence.

His conduct had now become no longer equivocal to the mother. It proved that he regarded neither the happiness of his wife, nor the reputation of his own character. He seldom returned home before midnight, and often remained out till day break. Mary sat lonely and melancholy, night after night, by the flickering lamp, eagerly catching the sound of every chance footstep without, in hopes it might be the return of her husband. Often, often would she go to the door to watch, while all without was darkness and gloom—not a house open, not a solitary individual near, as she closed it, would wonder, with a sigh, why his affection did not hasten him home sooner. How often is it the case with true, but unrequited love, to imagine there is still a mutual feeling—still some lingering trace of former affection left in the object of its adoration, notwithstanding it receives in return nothing but the most cold and chilling indifference. Mary Wallace loved too deeply and too sincerely herself to suppose it possible for the heart of her husband to feel such an indifference. In the fullness and innocence of her love, she judged Wallace's heart by her own. "Ah! little did he dream, while in the wretched abodes of vice with his equally guilty companions, that he was causing the heart of one, who should be most dear to him, to mourn in silent sorrow. Little did he think, during his fitful gleams of pleasure, that there was one, whom he had vowed to love and protect, wasting away the little measure of comfort that grief and disappointment had spared her. But intemperance steels the heart equally against tenderness and reproach—it is listless of the song of sorrow, or the warning voice of admonition.

Mary was not calculated to stand this severity long. Her mother beheld with grief the the fading features of her lovely child. The roses no longer looked flush upon her cheek. Her soft blue eyes grew dim—her delicate frame was gradually wasting away—and that countenance, which formerly beamed so brightly with love and cheerfulness, was now settled down into a gloom of foreboding melancholy. Her friends visited her often, and expressed their concern for her situation, but she seldom spoke to them. They always left her with sorrowful hearts, for they had never known Mary thus before. She was the same lovely girl—but all her cheerfulness and vivacity had fled.

Her mother, under the influence of these circumstances, ventured to expostulate with Wallace; but he darted a disdainful look upon her, and replied, coldly, "Madam, this is my house; if you are not pleased with it, you know the alternative." Then turning, with a haughty air, he left the room. Mary burst into tears, and begged, for her sake, her mother would say no more to her husband on that subject; then burying her face in her mother's lap, she added, "I cannot think he does not love me—I know he has too good a heart to deceive me." Her mother mingled her tears with the daughter's, and they both wept in silence.

Mary's illness increased, and she was soon after confined to her bed. Her mother hoped there would now be some alteration in Wallace's conduct, and once more represented to him the alarming situation of his wife. But he still exhibited the same hardened coldness, and seldom visited her chamber, except when particularly requested.

There is an unnatural apathy exhibited by some individuals, which seems to grow by indulgence into a fixed habit, rendering the heart impervious to the most affecting appeals of humanity, and to be melted only by some extraordinary circumstance, purposely wrought by the hand of Providence. It was so with Wallace—for lovely as was his wife in the bloom of health and beauty, and affectingly interesting as she was in sickness, he considered her neither an object of his love nor his sympathy. And she, like a forgiving angel, bore it all in silence. Not a murmur, not a complaint did she ever utter against her delinquent husband; for she still loved him. Often would she take her little infant in her arms, and as she imagined she discovered a resemblance of Wallace portrayed in its innocent little features, would kiss its rosy cheek over and over, and then vent her feelings in sighs and tears.

Thus lingered the lovely sufferer, day after day, under a hopeless malady, brought on and accelerated by the neglect of the one she most dearly prized on earth. One evening, soon after a sudden change took place in her disease, and she was considered dangerous, Wallace was absent, as usual—he was sent after; but the servants returned without being able to find him. Again they searched, but without effect. All the house was in confusion, and every mind turned upon the absence of Wallace. His return was her dearest wish, and it was a natural conclusion that he alone could prevent her speedy dissolution. She grew worse every moment—her breath gradually became shorter. She was resigned! "I wish not to live," she sighed, in weak faltering accents; "but, Wallace, my dear, dear Wallace, how can I die without seeing thee?" Her mother, who was attending by her bedside in an agony of feeling, endeavoured to sooth her by expressing all she could well express, in a hope that Wallace would soon return. "But he knows it not," continued the lovely sufferer: "oh! that he were here! One last, last farewell to him, and thee, dear child!" Her voice here failed, and as she clasped her hands together across her breast, she was heard to whisper a short prayer, in which Wallace's name was affectionately mentioned.

"The Marriage," "The Mother," "The Village Grave-Yard," "Love Adventures of Tom Lumpkin," "The Prisoner," and "The Poor Debtor," make up the volume, in which we discover traits of a mind possessed of natural powers which, with proper encouragement, will no doubt attain to superior excellence; and while preserving its present style of uniting chaste and moral sentiments with the lighter, but more attractive, beauties of literature, "blending the useful with the sweet," and instilling into the bosom of the reader, under so agreeable a form, feelings of piety, and a love of virtue and truth, we shall confidently expect to see our flattering hopes realized, of his future standing among those who justly claim the thanks and admiration of the reading world.

It is this view of the subject, more than the actual intrinsic value of the work before us, that has led to so particular a notice; for, of itself, whatever merit it may possess, there is but little to warrant a claim, of any extent or permanence, to that species of reputation, which can, in any measure, satisfy an aspiring mind,—the acquisition of which, can only be the fruit of application and experience in the cultivation of those powers which are here in part developed.

LATE FROM ENGLAND

By the brig Monroe, captain Humphries, arrived at New-York, from Galway, papers of the 27th April, containing London dates one day later are received.

The Catholic Bill it is stated will not pass this year.

The weavers of Coventry are full of business. Those who work in the patent looms earn 3 to 4 pounds per week, but those engaged in common old looms do not get more than 10s. per week—so much for improved machinery.

A large amount of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Bonds, has recently been remitted to the Continent, and for the moment checked the exportation of gold from London. A paper of the 23d of April, however, says it must soon be resorted to again should the Exchange continue against the country.

Railways.—The British Premier has proposed a grant of 1200*l.* to Mr. McAdam, for his improvements respecting roads.

The Ship Canal Company have purchased, for £90,000, seven miles of the Taunton and Bridgewater Canal, nearest to Bridgewater, which exactly suits the direction of their canal. The advantages of this to Taunton will be very great; it will give a branch from the Ship Canal to Taunton, which will thus be rendered in effect a seaport.

Steam Engines.—It is calculated that the steam engines now in England, represent the power of 320,000 horses, equal to that of 1,920,000 men—which being managed by 3,600 men only, adds actually to the power of the population 1,884,000 men.

The government of the Grand Duchy of Hesse has taken measures to check the spirit of emigration to America, which begins to degenerate into a real mania.

A Congress of Sovereigns was to assemble at Milan this season. Preparations were making to receive two or three Sovereigns and Ministers from Russia, France, Prussia, Denmark, Spain, &c.

The Government of the Netherlands has lately cast at the iron-works of Sirsing, the head of the immense lion that is to ornament the grand national monument on the plains of Waterloo. The weight of the head alone is 3000 lb. or nearly 2½ tons; the weight of the entire lion will be 60,000 lbs. or nearly 30 tons English.

Petersburg.—The Russian census exhibits an increase of her serfs for the year 1822 of upwards of half a million. Amongst the deaths are enumerated 213 persons who reached the age of 115 to 150 years! An old sentiment compares freedom to the air—for without it we die. They manage these things differently in Moscow, &c.

Egypt.—The Pacha is urging the cultivation of sugar throughout his dominions, and by way of increasing the *moral* force of his people he intends distilling large quantities of rum which will give them *spirit* for the bastinado.

Greece.—The Constitutionel of April 30, gives an article under date of Zante, March 15th which states that the fleet of Ibraham Pacha which sailed for Candia in February, was dispersed by a storm, so that only 20 vessels reached Alexandria; the majority were driven on the coast of Asia and Africa, and 30 towards the Morea. From these last, 3000 men landed on the coast of Modon and Coron. The Arcadians attacked them before they had time to form, and all are said to have perished in the action. Forty Greek vessels arrived in time to cut off the Egyptian division from the sea, and to block it up between Modon and Neocastran. The President, Conduriotto, commands in person the troops besieging Patras amounting to 10 or 12,000 men. Another letter gives all the advantage to the Egyptians, and states that the Greeks were every where beaten.

Late from Peru.—Guayaquil papers to the 19th of March, and Lima to the 10th have been received. From them it appears that Olaneta and a body of Royalists still hold out in Upper Peru notwithstanding the reports of his having agreed to the capitulation. The Peruvian Congress opened their session on the 10th of February, and the Supreme Court of Justice was installed on the 8th. Bolivar has again been invested with the powers of a Dictator until the meeting of the next Congress which is fixed for some time in the year 1826. Congress have voted him 1,000,000 of dollars, which he twice refused. He was then urged to accept and dispose of it in acts of beneficence. From a letter addressed by him to Congress on the 12th of February, in which he accepts of the Dictatorship, he says that "the interests of the State will call him to Upper Peru, and therefore he shall delegate a part of the Supreme Power to a council of Government under Lamar as President." Gen. Sanchez had routed and defeated a body of 800 troops on their way to join Olaneta—A column of troops who made a sortie from Callao, had been driven back after suffering a loss of 200. More than 5000 bbls. of flour were in Lima, and no sales. The crops in Chili have been very abundant.

Important from Cuba.—We have been informed by a gentleman of respectability and on whose statement we can rely, (says the N. Y. Evening Post of last Saturday,) that a treaty has been concluded between the French and Spanish governments, by which the Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico are to be occupied, like Cadiz, with the troops of the former nation.—Of 16,000 French soldiers now in the West Indies, 8000 are to be drafted for Cuba, and 4000 for Porto Rico; and the garrisons now occupying these places are to be disbanded and sent to Spain, or to some other station.—A Frenchman has been appointed to succeed Gen. Vives in the government of Cuba, which, with Porto Rico, is to be held by the French, until the alarm arising from revolutionary principles, and from the fear of invasion, has completely subsided. Whether Great Britain will permit this arrangement to be carried into effect, remains to be seen. She has from 17,000 to 18,000 troops in her West India Islands, and a powerful naval force, equal at least to that of France and Spain. It is scarcely possible that so great a European force can continue long on this station, without coming in contact with each other; and if the views of the different cabinets are not in union, we may expect soon to hear of some decided event arising out of the present uncertain state of affairs in this quarter of the world.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

On motion of Samuel Davis, Esq. Mr. PARSON DAVIS, was on Tuesday last admitted to practice in the District Court for the city and county of Philadelphia.

The Quarantine Laws went into operation at our Lazaretto on Wednesday.

His Excellency DE WITT CLINTON, Governor of the State of New-York, arrived in this city on Tuesday evening last. He has taken up his residence at the Mansion House Hotel. A meeting of our citizens was held at the Coffee House on Thursday for the purpose of determining on the most suitable mode of expressing the respect which they entertain for his Excellency, and a resolution was passed, empowering a Committee to wait upon and to invite him to a public dinner.

Appointment by the Mayor.—Isaac P. Kennedy to be constable of Cedar Ward, in the place of John Hoffecker, elected constable of Pine Ward.

Mr. Thomas Dykes, a young man about twenty nine years of years of age, clerk to Messrs. Beck & Stewart, was drowned on Sunday evening last, in the Schuylkill. It is thought that in diving from Spruce street wharf, he struck his head against some of the logs.

About 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, two young men, about 19 years of age, one of them, John H. Cook, son of Mr. George H. Cook, the other William Lee, cousin to the former, in attempting to come into Race street wharf, in a small boat, unfortunately ran foul of the bow of a brig laying there, which nearly capsized the boat, and both were precipitated into the water; every possible assistance was rendered; the latter was immediately taken out of the water, but all efforts to save the former proved unavailing.

A woman is said to have drowned herself on Sunday at Kensington. Her name, and the causes that led to this rash action, are not stated.

A man who was employed as a watchman on board one of Mr. Girard's vessels, fell into the river on Monday morning about 5 o'clock, from Stiles wharf, in the Northern Liberties, and was drowned.

We regret to learn that a lad named Henry Smith, was on Sunday drowned while bathing in the Schuylkill. The body was found.

It is stated that another boy was killed in Pine street, by the fire Engine passing over him while hastening towards the fire on Sunday morning.

In addition it is stated that a young man was thrown out of a gig, and had his leg broken by the fall.

There were 102 deaths in New York, last week—17 of which were occasioned by *consumption.*

The Naval Court of Inquiry, appointed to investigate the conduct of Com. Porter, having concluded the business before them, and reported the facts to the Navy Department, adjourned on Tuesday, *sine die.*

Another novel, by the author of "Lights and Shadows," called "The Foresters," was about to be published at Edinburgh.

The Rev. Mr. Summerfield is now suffering from a confirmed dropsy, and no hope seems to be entertained by his New-York friends of his restoration to health.

Effects of a Canal in prospect.—Thirteen acres of land in Worcester, much of it meadow, which the owner offered last year for 1500 dollars, sold last week for 8000.

Delaware and Raritan Canal.—Accounts from New Brunswick state that *thirteen million dollars* were subscribed to this Canal before the books were closed on the 23th ult. The Treasurer of New Jersey has received the bonus of 100,000 dollars. But 4 shares of this stock were subscribed while the books were open at Trenton.

On Wednesday, the subscription books of the Dry Dock Company at New York were closed in ten minutes after they were opened; and nearly three times the amount of the capital, which is 700,000 dollars, was offered in that time.

New Orleans has literally been flooded with rain. The streets had ceased to be passable for carriages. Business of all kinds had been at a stand for a day or two; even the spirit of speculation had been damped by the weather. Amusement itself had been checked—and the Manager of the American Theatre had been compelled on the 28th April to close his house.

We learn from the Savannah Georgian, that much injury is anticipated to the low-ground plantations in the neighbourhood of Augusta, in consequence of the height of the Savannah. The waters of that stream have not for years past, been so high as at the present season.

Capt. Stevenson, who arrived at New-York, on Monday from Havana, reports that the place was quiet when he sailed on the 15th inst.—and that 2000 more troops were daily expected from Spain.

As the steam-boat at New York passed the Colombian frigate lying at anchor, the officers run up upwards of fifty flags in the course of a minute, and fired a salute. A salute was also fired from the Cutter, lying off the Battery.

A lady was unfortunately poisoned at Brooklyn on Saturday last, and died in two hours, by a dose of poison, (prepared by mistake of the student,) administered by a respectable physician, whose distress can scarcely be described.

On the 16th inst. two ferrymen were drowned in the St. Lawrence, opposite Ogdensburgh. They were in the employ of Mr. Canfield. One was an Englishman, named Francis Tole, the other a black man, owned by Mr. C.

At Brooklyn, on Friday evening, a foreign gentleman was robbed of about $7,000. He kept with him a young man whose passage he had paid from Europe, and promised to make his heir; but anticipating his legacy, it is said the ingrate has committed the robbery and confessed the fact, but will not discover or give up the money.

Daniel Young, a young man near Milford, Pa. a few days ago was bit by a rattle-snake while he was training for exhibition in Philadelphia, and expired in about 24 hours.

Extraordinary Suicide.—John Brown, aged 55, living in the alms house, at Bellerica, Massachusetts, committed suicide by forcing his wooden leg down his throat. He had been for some time in a state of mental derangement, and imagined that the overseers intended to burn him.

Michigan.—The Detroit Gazette of the 3d inst. says, "We learn that orders have been received, directing that a portion of the troops stationed at this post, be employed the ensuing season on the road recently laid out from this place to Port Meigs—also, that the orders for the removal of the troops from Mackinac, have been countermanded—it being determined to maintain that post."

Singular Fact.—The Warrenton Reporter of the 10th ult. states, that in the cellar of a gentleman of that place, a hen's nest which contained an egg, was taken and kept in possession by a cat, "until she brought forth her litter of young *mewers*; in the midst of which the egg remained, until it *hatched* a beautiful and fine *white* chicken; all of which were found nestled together by some member of the family, who accidentally discovered them."

Pirates Captured.—Captain Waters of the schooner Iago, arrived at Baltimore, last Sunday from Porto Rico, spoke in the Gulf Stream a brig, the captain of which informed that a piratical sloop manned with 38 men, had been captured by an English cutter and a steam boat fitted out for the purpose at Matanzas, and carried into the latter port. The pirates who survived the action were sent to Havana for trial. It was ascertained that they had murdered the crews of more than twenty American vessels.

An affray of not a very agreeable nature, has lately occurred at Milledgeville. In regard to the late conduct of the Troupites of Georgia, respecting the Creek Indians and their lands. Mr. Bartlett, the independent editor of the Patriot, published at the capital, deemed it necessary to make some remarks upon the conduct of Col. Lamar, an aid to Gov. Troup. After his return from the Creek Country, he, in company with a cousin, attacked Mr. Bartlett in a book store, and at tempted to cow-skin him. Mr Bartlett drew a knife in his own defence, and after inflicting sundry wounds upon Col. L. brought him to the ground. His cousin then interfered, and was also wounded. Both, however, are likely to recover. Mr. Bartlett was arrested and admitted to bail. Mr. B. went to the South a few years since from Connecticut.

Packing Cotton.—A person packed the different parts of a large broken grindstone in the centre of a bale of cotton, by the way perhaps of helping to defray the expenses, or by way of replacing it with a whole one without loss. The cotton was sold at a good price and went to Liverpool, where it was disposed of to a manufacturer. On being opened, the grindstone was found quietly and snugly bedded in the centre of the bale; but not being a convenient article of manufacture into cloth, it was weighed and sent back to Liverpool, from whence it was forwarded to the shipper in this country, and by him was sent on to the person at whose gin it had been so adroitly put up, and a bill of costs for two passages across the ocean, added to the price paid for it according to its gravity in its first transfer. And it is said, on its arrival at its proper location, a small child recognising an old acquaintance, immediately cried out "La Pa, here is the old grindstone come back again.—*Augusta Chron.*

POLICE.

A case occurred on the 27th ult. in the Police office in New York, which was not only in itself new and interesting, but in the event astonished and surprised the Court and every one present. A boy of apparently about the age of 16, who had been for some time a pupil in the Deaf and Dumb Institution in that city, was brought before the Police court on a charge of having stolen a watch. The complainant stated that at and about the time the watch was taken from his house, this boy, and none other was there; that he was left a few minutes alone in the room, and on his immediately afterward going away, the watch was missing. The Court being rather at a loss how to examine a deaf and dumb person, sent for Mr. Loughborough, the principal of the asylum in this city, who acted as interpreter, whilst his assistant, a very shrewd intelligent young gentleman, about 21 years of age, acted as examiner. The boy utterly denied knowing any thing about the watch, denied being at the complainant's house on the day alledged, and said the only suit of clothes he had, were those he then had on; these two last facts were controverted by persons present, one of whom had seen him in a different garb, and another had seen him at the time and place alledged. While under examination which was wholly by signs through the interpreter, an officer of the court entered the room, who said he had seen the boy before, and had heard him speak and converse. He said he could not be mistaken; that the boy was not deaf and dumb; and he was confirmed by two other persons present, who recognised him as a person who they knew could, for they had heard him speak. To this Mr. Loughborough, to whose opinion great deference was paid and was certainly due, replied that on the subject of the boy's disability, there could not remain a doubt; that although others might be deceived by impostors, he thought he could not be; that about two years ago this same boy had been brought to his school, and was so unmanageable as to cause his being turned away; that a few months ago, he was again admitted through the solicitations and at the expense of of a charitable lady of this city, who felt for his misfortune; and that he soon became so ungovernable, through resistance and stubbornness, as necessarily to cause his second dismissal; that he was a very apt scholar, and quick and easy to learn, but withal a very bad boy.

The assistant teacher (who himself is deaf and dumb) expressed his entire conviction of

the boy's disability in that respect, and on his representing to him the consequences of the crime with which he was charged, the boy appeared much affected; and so entire was the general conviction that the boy was destitute of the faculty of hearing, that those who supposed they had heard him speak, began to conclude they were most unaccountably mistaken. Being asked where he had lately lodged, he offered to go and let them search.—They did so, and there the officer found the watch; and in the neighbourhood a jeweller, who said that identical boy had a few days before offered the watch to him for sale, and that the boy then could talk as well as any body. He was then re-conducted to the police office, and the magistrate, to try the effect of his fears, thought he would "put the screws on" in another shape, and writing a few lines upon a paper, told the high constable to take the boy immediately to the stepping mill, and for an indefinite period of time. At the prospect of so formidable an encounter, and to be sent there without proof on oath too, the boy to the perfect astonishment of every one present, burst forth in a fine strain of eloquence, telling them he was not going indefinitely—that they had their match now; and that he was too cunning for the whole concern. He gave the teacher "a rub or two" upon his penetration, and proved himself to be as fine a talker as the fastest of them.

The opening of the mouth of the dumb, and the ears of the deaf, is a new qualification for our city magistrates; and if "putting the screws on" will operate in this manner, we think it better than any other. After this, who will say what our police cannot do? The boy was committed for trial at the session next week.—*Nat. Adv.*

A Yankee exploit.—Near Cincinnati, on the Ohio river, stands a nine story factory. A yankee proclaimed at Cincinnati that, on a certain day, he would jump out of the highest story of this factory. The day arrived, and a large multitude gathered to see the yankee break his neck; before he took his leap, he said he must have three hundred dollars for doing so. Each one being willing to contribute to pay the yankee's passage over the river Styx, this sum was soon made up; the yankee presented himself at the highest story of the building, furnished with two umbrellas; with these over his head, he let himself down from the window. A draft of wind struck him at that moment, and wafted him four hundred yards up the river, into which he gently descended, in the presence of the shouting multitude. He received no injury, and was taken up by the boats, which were in readiness.

A very unfortunate accident occurred in Washington on the 26th ult. As the Mail Stage from Baltimore was about to descend the Capitol Hill, the horses took fright at something or other, and, the driver being unable to hold them in, they dashed down the road towards the avenue, but were going too rapidly to be turned into it. They ran across towards Maryland Avenue, where the Stage ran off the road, upset, and was smashed literally to atoms. There were, we believe, six passengers besides the driver, most of whom were more or less injured, but some of them severely. The driver, Mr. Bell, a very worthy man, is supposed to have been most hurt, having one of his arms broken, and one of his thighs fractured, besides other injuries. Mr. Hathway, of Vermont, an entire stranger here, had his arm broken, and was otherwise hurt. Mr. B. O. Taylor, of this city, (who had the bad luck to have got out at the door of his own dwelling, but afterwards re-mounted to go down to his office,) was also much injured. The Messenger who has arrived from Colombia, with the ratification by that Government of the Treaty with the United States, was also in the Stage, and slightly hurt. It is hoped that none of the lives of the hurt persons are in danger. Of two persons who escaped unhurt, one had been pursued by the other on a charge of theft, and, when the accident happened, was arrested and carried before the magistrate, by whom, we understand, he was committed to prison.—*Nat. Int.*

From the Baltimore *Federal Gazette*, May 27.

Although we have suffered in some parts of this state by the ravages of the fly, the circumstance is not likely to cause a deficiency in the average quantity of Wheat raised throughout the country. But few parts even of Maryland are affected. Virginia in the counties of Shenandoah, Culnepper, Madison, Rockingham, Augusta, Rockbridge, Botetout, Bedford,—Franklin, Monroe, Giles, Montgomery, Greenbriar, Fauquier, Loudon and Fairfax, presents a more cheering prospect for the farmer than has been known for many years, and the late rain and salutary rains in some parts of our states, have given a life and vigour to vegetation, which promises to repay bountifully the labour of the husbandman.

For two or three years past the citizens of Bucks County have been active in preventing the destruction of birds of various kinds, in the spring of the year, by gunners. The value of Robins to the farmer, in destroying various insects is sufficient to warrant this much care, if he were actuated by no feeling of humanity to protect the feathered tribe at a season when their nests are filled with young.—The good effects of this humane system are already apparent. The numbers of birds now to be found throughout the county is much larger than it has been for many years; and is seldom is their transient enjoyment disturbed by the gunner, that go where you will, you will be regaled by a song from them at not more than an arm's length. They seem to be perfectly fearless—and not having known danger for some time, appear to think none exists; even in the village they are surprising tame. We have two Robin's nests, full of young ones in the poplar trees that shade our door—bluebirds all round within a stone's throw, and a Quail's nest containing at least fifteen eggs, within the same distance. Now this peaceable appearance of things might lead some to suppose that we are in a mere wilderness, where such things happen as matter of course, it may be well to inform them that our office stands on as public a road as any in the state, namely, the Mail route to Easton. The Robins, the tenants of the poplar trees, almost invariably regale us with a treble of half an hour at sunset, and we presume they repeat it at sunrise. Of this however, we are not so positive, not having heard it more than once or twice during the season. If we had thought of charging the poor bird not for the use of the trees, we should cancel the debt, for it is already well paid in *notes*.—*Patriot.*

UNION CANAL.—We understand that the eastern termination of this work, where it is to unite with the works of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, has been finally determined, and so much to the satisfaction of the good people of Reading, that the owners of the ground on that side of the Schuylkill, have agreed to release to the company all claims for damages. The canal was last year dug out and generally excavated to within one mile of the mouth of the Tulpehocken, at that point it will now cross the Tulpehocken by an aqueduct; continue along the eastern shore of the stream to the Schuylkill, and along the western shore to the Schuylkill to the Reading bridge, below which a dam will be placed so as to cross the eastern shore, with a towing path adjourning the bridge already erected. The canal will then continue along the eastern shore of the Schuylkill, and let down into the pool below Reading, near the locks built by the Navigation Company. Thus the town of Reading will have two independent canals passing through it, and the advantage of a fine pool and harbour on its western front, created by the proposed dam. From present prospects, it is highly probably that Reading must become, in the course of a few years, the most considerable inland town in the state.

Reading, Pa. May 28.—Yesterday nearly three feet depth of water was standing in the upper and lower section of the canal. The embankments will be raised and completed to top water mark on Monday, so that in the course of next week we may probably be gratified with the sight of a fleet of arks laden with coal passing this borough. We are happy in stating that with the exception of what the new banks absorb, scarcely a drop of water escapes from the canal. This great public improvement after having encountered so many difficulties, has at length, by the perseverance of the managers and engineers, arrived at completion, and its advantages will daily be developed to those who were sceptics, when in its incipient state.

Internal Improvement.—We were yesterday, together with a number of our fellow citizens, gratified with a sight of a plan, accompanied with a map taken from actual survey for uniting Little Schuylkill by means of Catawissa Creek, with the east branch of the Susquehanna river. The two former streams approximate each other so closely as to require but two and a half miles of excavation to unite them. The ingenious projector of this route, Mr. Christian Brobst, of Columbia county, possesses such documentary evidence of the importance of such a communication to the city of Philadelphia and the state of Pennsylvania generally, that he has been induced to visit that city, to lay his plan before the president of the board of commissioners of internal improvement.—*Journal.*

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

In an account of the loss of the Spring-Grove, a whaling ship that was lost on the coast of Africa, on the 23d of November last, part of the crew of which was delivered from captivity among the Arabs by that ornament of humanity, Mr. Wiltshire, the British Consul at Mogadore, the following paragraph occurs:

"A circumstance is stated by one of these rescued men, which is as follows:—He says that the Arab Chief in whose hands they fell, could speak a little English; and contrived to inform them, that, some years ago, an English ship was lost on the African coast, that the crew reached the shore to the number of three hundred men, well armed; that his own tribe, consisting of five hundred men, attacked them, and were repulsed; that he solicited the assistance of a neighbering tribe to renew the attack with an additional force of four hundred men; that the British drove them back a second time, and were making good their retreat for some settlement of security, when they were a third time surrounded by a body of thirteen hundred; and that the British fought till three fourths of their number fell, and the remainder were cut to pieces, after laying down their arms and after killing 250 Arabs. The name of the ship, and the [exact] time of the shipwreck, are both unknown. There is an appearance of connexion between the circumstances above described, and an incident which, at that time, made an impression not yet effaced from our minds, the perception of which made the heart ache, and the nerves thrill, within us. Who, that ever knew them, has forgotten the gallant Blakely and his noble crew of the United States Sloop of War Wasp, supposed to have been lost at sea, and never heard of since September, 1814? Is it not now highly probable that the Wasp was the vessel above described, lost on the African coast "some years ago," the crew of which repulsed tribe after tribe of the Arabs, and, when reduced to one fourth of their number, having doubtless lost all their officers in the different encounters, were barbarously murdered after submission? To us, there appears to be every probability that such is the fact. The Wasp, it will be recollected, sailed from Portsmouth in July, 1814, on her first cruize, and was remarkably successful in annoying the commerce of the enemy, having, up to the 21st of September, besides capturing a British Sloop of War, and, it was supposed, sinking another in a night fight, made thirteen prizes. The thirteenth, the Atalanta, arrived at Savannah; having left the Wasp, on the 23d of September, off the Madeira Islands, and not knowing what her destination was. Taking this fact with the uncertain time "of several years ago," and not having heard of any British ship then lost in that direction, we see strong reason to believe that this ship, thus accidentally heard of, was the long lamented U. S. Ship Wasp. To be sure the number of the crew is said to have been 300. But this may be an accidental exaggeration, and the prisoners on board the Wasp may have swelled the number of her crew from 250 to about that amount. As to the report of the vessel that was English, the Arabs formed their judgment from the dress and the language, and could not distinguish from these outward tokens, United States' Americans and English, if, indeed, they are aware of distinct nations wearing the same garb and speaking an identical tongue.

THE SEA HORSE.

It will be recollected that last week, we gave some account of the upsetting of the brig Sea Horse in the Delaware. Two ladies were in the cabin at the time of the accident; one of them was washed out through the skylight; the other, Mrs. Eberman, remained until the quarter deck was cut away. The following statement from the Democratic Press will be read with much interest.

"When the vessel was upset, Mrs. Eberman, far advanced in a state of pregnancy, was lying sea-sick on her bed. In a moment she was pitched from her birth, and amidst midnight darkness, found herself floundering in the water, and assailed on all sides by the drifting furniture. She heard no sounds but those caused by the rushing and dashing of the waters—she laid hold of the side of a birth, into which, buoyed as she was by the water, she scrambled. It was afterwards ascertained that it was the Captain's birth, and fortunately it was a few inches higher than any other in the ship. In this birth Mrs. Eberman sat with her head against the deck, and up to her neck in water. All was silent and dark: her sensations were most painful and confused; she supposed the vessel had sunk to the bottom of the bay. In this horrible situation, buried alive, she grasped an orange, which was floating in the cabin; she ate it and it greatly refreshed her. She now heard a noise over her head and with a cane which she had caught in the water, she struck perpendicularly over her, against the under side of the deck. She was answered by voices; hope revived; she breathed more freely and her mind became more alive to her actual situation. She heard the sound of the axe; it promised her deliverance, but it created the most agonizing apprehensions.—Her head was touching—was pressed against the under side of the deck, and there it must remain or be submerged in water; every stroke of the axe, more certainly assured her, that is fell directly over her head—these were amongst her most agonising moments. At length a chip, about the length of the axe, was taken out from the lower side of the deck, and the light of Heaven again shed its blessed influence on the suffering mortal beneath. With the eagerness appertaining to so perilous a situation, Mrs. Eberman pushed her hand, as far as it would go through the aperture. Her husband, with all a husband's anxiousness and love, was on the outside of the vessel; who can tell his feelings when the appearance of her hand, assured him she was yet sensibly alive—but his heart had scarcely time to beat with joy, before it was collapsed with horror. The axe of the workman was uplifted and about to descend with its sharpest edge upon the hand of his wife—it would sever it from her body—it was happily arrested before it gave the fatal blow. Let us be brief—a saw was procured, a hole sufficiently large was made, and Mrs. Eberman was once again folded in the arms of her husband, and restored to the world."

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1825.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ellen," "Mary," "Linden," and "Rosa," are welcome. "Philocles" is acceptable, and will be more so, if, in his future essays, a little more mildness should take the place of those expressions, which, in several instances in his present communication, are too harsh and violent.

At the instance of "Rosa" herself, we find, on referring to her manuscript of last week, that the four first lines of her piece are marked as selected, but were inadvertently neglected to be so designated by the compositor.

We have been not a little amused at the attempt of a correspondent to controvert the remarks made by a "Female Friend," in relation to the custom heretofore so prevalent among the young men, of standing at the doors of our meeting houses, contending that "they are waiting for their acquaintances who are there"—that "it would be the height of impoliteness to go off, and leave a lady to walk home by herself;" and proposing a remedy to the practice, which certainly is a very pretty one, and which we should suppose could only have been thought of by a lady, whom we very eagely surmise this writer to be, notwithstanding her endeavour to claim the unladylike appellation of a 'Male Friend."

The main flue of the steam-boat Legislator, captain Fisher, burst while on the eve of starting from the wharf in New York, by reason of which the boiler was started, and the false head driven off. There were upwards of sixty passengers on board, of whom two persons were killed, and three or four scalded, who are expected to recover. The engine is on the low pressure principle, had a moderate force of steam at the time, and the accident could in no way be accounted for.

The Academy of Fine Arts is now open. We were there on Tuesday last, and must acknowledge it to be one of the most splendid and valuable collection of the finest paintings and statuary we have ever witnessed. Can it be possible there are among our citizens any who have not, or who do not intend visiting this magnificent display of art, equalling, nay, almost surpassing, the efforts of nature, or, if possible, the bright creations of fancy? We should suppose not. An hour could not, perhaps, be passed to more advantage than here, or at least where we should be more certain of partaking the most refined and delightful emotions which the mind is capable of experiencing.

Strangers who visit Philadelphia, are frequently heard to express their surprise at the comparative indifference with which its citizens view the works both of art and nature abounding in the city and its vicinity. There appears to be so little boasting, where so much might be boasted of—so little pride and anxiety to show and talk of, and admire the treasures which science has contributed to establish, in the variety and construction of their numerous public buildings—the airy and delightful squares which add so much, by their cool, refreshing appearance, and by their tasteful arrangement, to the beauty, comfort and convenience of the city—the order and cleanliness of the streets, adorned with the private dwellings, combining, in so happy a manner, neatness and elegance—these, and the charms which nature has lavished on the scenery of the adjacent country, combined, are surely sufficient to elicit, if not boasting and vain glory, at least praise, admiration and gratitude, that our "lots have been cast" in such "pleasant places;" for where can there be, to say nothing of the Delaware and the scenes which decorate its banks, or the more beautiful landscapes along the Schuylkill, a prospect surpassing that beheld from the summit of Fair Mount? where the costly efforts of art have done so much to improve and embellish nature—

——— Where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe ev'ry gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

——— But who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In ev'ry bud that blows? If many, then,
Unequal, fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what shall language do? *Thompson.*

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who resides within a few miles of the city, received not long since a young bear from a friend as a present. It was put for safe keeping in an out house, containing among other things a quantity of cider, and adjoining to which was the shed for swine. The bear had no sooner taken possession of his new quarters than he began to give evidence of his acquaintance with the fashionable foibles and customs of the day, and among others displayed one which though "all the go" among the "Tom's and Jerry's" of high life, is nevertheless a custom as Hamlet says, more honored in the breach than the observance. The hogs, of which there is a goodly number, great and small, without discrimination, were discovered soon after his arrival in a most ludicrous condition, staggering and reeling about the premises like true votaries of Bacchus, while some who appeared to have entered too freely into the sport, were seen lying on all fours, wallowing in the mire, apparently to use a cant phrase, completely done over—on examination it was found that Bruin had emptied a hogshead of Cider, in honour of the occasion, by drawing the tap, in the performing of which he displayed considerable readiness and ingenuity, to the no small gratification of his grunting associates, who by their frequent and liberal potations seemed delighted with the "spree," and afforded at the same time a fine illustration of the good effects of drinking, from which a pretty moral might be drawn for the benefit of such as are over fond of the "blue ruin."

Be on your Guard.—A very decent looking young man entered a tavern, in north Third street, on Monday, and agreed with the proprietor to take boarding there; after talking himself into the good graces of the people of the house, and eating a hearty dinner, he requested to be shown to his room in order to lie down. When tea was ready the gentleman was not to be found, having decamped with the most valuable part of the contents of every trunk in the chamber.

The practice of horse racing on the public roads in the vicinity of Philadelphia, has been presented by the Grand Jury, as a nuisance, endangering the lives and limbs of the citizens, and subversive of their morals and manners, especially those of youth. They also presented Bush-Hill as an ill governed and disorderly place, where all sorts of vices are practised, day and night, particularly on parade days.

WEEKLY PRICES CURRENT,

[Corrected every Thursday for the Saturday Eve. Post.]

Bacon,	lb.	$0	6½	a $0	7
Beans,	bush.	1	00	a 1	5
Beef, Philad. Mess,	bbl.	10	00	a 11	00
Do. cargo & prime,	,,	9	00	a 10	00
Butter, lump,	lb.		10	a	00
Do. salted, insp.	,,		8	a	00
Feathers, Amer.	,,		32	a	35
Fish, Mackarel, No. 1,	bbl.	6	00	a	00
Flour, wheat, P. s. f.	,,	5	50	a	00
Do. rye,	,,	2	62½	a	00
Do. corn meal,	,,	2	25	a	00
Do. do.	bhd.	10	50	a	00
Grain, wheat,	bush.	1	10	a 1	15
Do. rye,	,,		45	a	48
Do. corn, Penn.	,,		45	a	47
Do. do. southern,	,,		40	a	43
Do. oats,	,,		20	a	25
Do. barley,	,,		55	a	60
Do. bran, double,	,,		14	a	15
Lard, Penn.	lb.		9	a	10
Pork, I. & P. mess,	bbl.	11	50	a 13	00
Hams,			9	a	12½
Plaster Paris,	per ton	5	50	a	00
Whiskey, Rye,			24	a	26
Do. Apple,			31	a	34
Gin, Philad.			28	a	31
Do. Country,			27	a	29

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

May 27. Brig Stephen Girard, Craighead, 12 days from Port au Prince, Coffee, &c.

28. Schr. Bruce, Clark, 15 days from St. Martins, Sugar.
Brig Spartan, M'Callister, 13 days from Laguira, Coffee, &c.
Brig Experience, Hamilton, 52 days from Amsterdam, Gin.
Brig Pocahontas, Brown, 16 days from Havana, Coffee &c.

29. Schr. Argo, Wood, from Aux Cayes, Coffee.

30. Brig Evening, Martin, 23 days from Marseilles, Fustic.
Brig Lancaster, Donaldson, 6 days from St. Johns, P. R. Sugar and Coffee.
Ship Pennsylvania, Yarnell, 40 days from Rio Janiero, Hides, Horns, &c.
Brig Congress, Sears, 31 days from Gottenburg Iron.
Schr. Industry, Myrick, 24 days from the city of St. Domingo, Coffee, Cedar, &c.
Brig Com. Porter, Shankland, 16 days from St. Croix, Sugar, &c.
Schr. Fish Hawk picked up at sea, and brought in by the Schr. Delaware.
Ship Wm. Penn, West, from Liverpool, mdze.

31. Ship Fame, Rich, 32 days from Montevideo. Hides, &c.
Ship Francis——from Liverpool, mdze.

June 1. Schr. Packet, Clark, 30 days from New Orleans, Molasses.

2. Schr. Providence, Burns, 22 days from Alvarado.

CLEARANCES.

May 28. Brig Amelia, Davis for Havana.
30. ——Agenora, Thurber, for Jamaica.
31. Brig Jos. Eastburn, Rugan, for St. Thomas.
Schr. Maria, Price, for St. Jago.
Schr. Ceres, Miller, for Maracaibo.

June 1. Brig Rose, Hayes, for Alvarado.
——Liberty, Jones, for Buenos Ayres.
Schr. Morning Star, Stratton, for Apalachicola's.
Schr. Macdonough, Bioren, for St. Thomas.

2. Schr. Eclipse, Craig, for Madeira.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 30th ult. by the Rev Mr. Parsman, Mr. CHARLES T. POWLER, to Miss SIBBILLA SCHLOSSER, daughter of Mr. Schlosser, formerly of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Duncan, Mr. JOSIAH WILLS, to Miss HENRIETTA KINSLEY, all of this city.

On Wednesday morning last, in Christ Church, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. WILLIAM BOOTH, of New Castle, (Delaware) to Miss MARY ROGERS, of the same place, daughter of the late Daniel Rogers, Esq. of Sussex county.

On Wednesday evening, 25th inst. at the residence of Mr. John Salter, in Tacksonev, near Frankford, by the Rev. Mr. Sheets, Mr. THOMAS R. HOWELL, of New Mills, N. J. to Miss JANE H. daughter of the late Captain Howell, of this city.

At Staten Island, on Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. John E. Miller, JOHN S. WESTERVELT, M. D. to HANNAH E. daughter of Daniel D. Tompkins, Esq. Vice President of the United States.

At Trenton, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Boswell, Mr. JOHN VALENTINE, to Miss MARY RIPPON.

On the 26th inst. at Millham, near Trenton, by the Rev. J. D. Frier, Mr. JAMES E. MOORE, of Philadelphia, to CATHARINE C. daughter of Thomas Langstroth, of the first mentioned place.

On Tuesday evening, May 31, by the Rev. Mr. Peaze, Mr. WILLIAM B. LUCAS, to Miss MARY ANN ABBOTT, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Reverend Mr. Delaney, Mr. JAMES Y. HUMPHREYS, to Mrs. MARY LUMMIS, both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. JOSEPH BISHOP, to Miss MARY ANN VERNON, both of Burlington county, (N. J.)

On Sunday evening, 22d ult. by the Rev. Kendall Cropper, Mr. WM. DUNTON, formerly of Accomack county, Vir. to Miss ELEANOR ARMSTRONG, of this city.

The following lines are not unfair specimens of the wretched and contemptible rhymes which frequently accompany the notices of marriages, like scare-crows hung up to deter the silly birds from entering into the green fields of matrimony. Few there will hereafter be, if this miserable taste continues to flourish, who will consent to expose themselves by appearing in public company with such detestable advertisements of their happiness.

"In Canterbury, N. H. BENJAMIN DOE, Esq. author of sundry astronomical works, &c. to Miss NANCY MOORE.

I saw grow dim! bright *Mars* your fires forego!
Since Nancy is no *Moore* but turned to *Doe!*
Rudolph desist and cease your dark grimaces
At this new effort to increase *Doe* faces."

[*Paris. Journal.*

DIED,

Near Burlington, N. J. in the 76th year of his age, SAMUEL GUMMERE, long an approved Minister of the Society of Friends.

On Sunday morning Mr. SAMUEL WORK, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. at Mount Holly, (N. J.) Mrs. CATHARINE V. SCHLATTER, wife of William Schlatter, of this city, in the 44d year of her age.

On Monday morning, after a severe illness, Mrs. MARIA WILCOX, wife of Samuel Wilcox, Esq.

On Monday Mr. GEORGE LARER, in the 21st year of his age.

At Boston, on Sunday the 22d ult. SAMUEL BROWN, Esq. aged 71 years, a highly respected and esteemed citizen of that city.

At Symmon's Mills, in the state of Ohio, on the 24th ult. in the 66th year of his age, WM. SIMMONS, Esq. formerly Accountant of the War Department, and, for upwards of thirty years in the service of the United States, in that and corresponding trusts.

PORTER, ALE AND CIDER.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER, of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation at his stand, No. 108 MARKET STREET, corner of Franklin Court, between Third and Fourth.

June 4—3m JOHN C. RUHLMAN.

TAVERN TO LET,

WITH the Fixtures, &c. in Market street—in an excellent situation for business. Enquire at this office. June 4—tf

Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings.

JAMES HATES, S. E. corner of South and Second sts. keeps on constantly on hand, Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, (spring and Summer Goods,) which will be made to order in the best and most fashionable manner.

Also—Clothing of every description at the lowest prices. June 4—tf

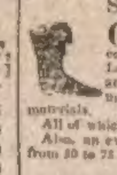
LOST,

ON the 24th inst. a small white worsted Sampler, with three wreathes worked near the bottom, in which were the initials of several persons' names; if any person has found it, and will leave it at No. 37 Cable Lane, or New Market street, they shall receive fifty cents, and the thanks of the person who lost it, for their trouble.

June 4—1t

246.

SUMMER SHOES.



GENTLEMEN'S fine Wax Calf Skin and Morocco Boots and Shoes; do. black and col'd Buckskin Boots and Shoes; do. Pumps; Ladies' black and col'd Morocco and Kid Boots and Shoes; do. black and col'd Valentine Denim & Satins, &c. of the best workmanship and materials.

All of which will be sold low and rips mended *gratis*.

Also, an extensive assortment of low priced Shoes—from 50 to 75 cents.

BREED & MUDGE,

No. 246 Market, between Seventh and Eighth streets and between Jefferies' and Brooks' Hazels. may 4—tf.

ALL IN ONE DAY.

TO be drawn in the city of Baltimore on the 27th of NEXT MONTH (July)

By the improved mode, secured by Letters Patent under the Seal of the United States.

Cohen's Office, Baltimore, June 2d, 1825.

☞ The Improved Mode of drawing having been universally and so decidedly approved by the public, as evinced by the unprecedented sales in the late State Lottery, the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council have again adopted the same plan in the following scheme which we have the pleasure now to present, viz:

Grand State Lottery of Maryland, No. 5.

HIGHEST PRIZE 40,000.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$40,000	is	40,000 Dollars.
1 Prize of	10,000	is	10,000 Dollars.
1 Prize of	5,000	is	5,000 Dollars.
10 Prizes of	1,000	is	10,000 Dollars.
30 Prizes of	100	is	3,000 Dollars.
50 Prizes of	50	is	2,500 Dollars.
200 Prizes of	20	is	4,000 Dollars.
250 Prizes of	10	is	2,500 Dollars.
500 Prizes of	6	is	3,000 Dollars.
20,000 Prizes of	4	is	80,000 Dollars.
21,043 Prizes.			160,000 Dollars.

40,000 Tickets

More Prizes than Blanks.

Every Prize payable in CASH, sixty days after the drawing—subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.

☞ MODE OF DRAWING.—The Numbers will be put into one wheel as usual—and in the other wheel will be put the prizes above the denomination of 4 dollars, and the drawing to progress in the usual manner. The 40,000 prizes of $4 will be awarded to the odd or even Numbers of the Lottery (as the case may be) dependant on the drawing of the Capital Prize of Forty Thousand Dollars—that is to say if the 40,000 dollar prize should come out to an Odd Number, then every odd Number in the scheme will be entitled to a $4 prize. If the 40,000 Dollar prize should come out to an Even Number then all the Even Numbers in the Scheme will be each entitled to a prize of $4.

☞ Odd Numbers are those ending with 1, 3, 5, 7 or 9

☞ Even Numbers are those ending with 2, 4, 6, 8 or 0.

This mode of drawing not only enables the Commissioners to complete the whole Lottery in ONE DRAWING, but has the great advantage of distributing the small prizes regularly to every alternate number in the scheme, so that the holder of two tickets or two shares of tickets (one odd and one even number) will be certain of obtaining at least one prize, and in the same ratio for any greater quantity.

☞ A Ticket drawing a superior prize in this scheme IS NOT RESTRICTED from drawing an inferior one also; many tickets therefore will necessarily obtain TWO PRIZES EACH.

The drawing will take place in the City of Baltimore on Wednesday, the 27th July, and will finish on the same day.

The Brilliancy of this scheme is ALTOGETHER UNPRECEDENTED. Adventurers will remark the low rate of tickets—the trifling risk incurred, (there no being one blank to a prize) and that the capital prize of FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, is of a magnitude hitherto unprecedented for so small a sum invested—above all, however is the CERTAINTY OF OBTAINING AT LEAST ONE PRIZE by the purchase of two tickets or two shares—(one odd and one even number) and in the same ratio of certainty in the purchase of a greater number of tickets or shares.

Whole Tickets,	$5
Halves,	2 50
Quarters,	1 25
Eighths,	63

To be had, in the greatest variety of Numbers, (Odd and Even) at

COHEN'S

Lottery and Exchange Office, No. 114, Market-street—Baltimore.

Where in the four last State Lotteries, were sold the Great Capitals of 100,000 Dollars—40,000 Dollars—2 of 20,000—3 of 10,000, besides no less than Twelve Capitals of 5,000 Dollars, &c. &c. And WHERE MORE CAPITAL PRIZES HAVE BEEN OBTAINED THAN AT ANY OTHER OFFICE IN AMERICA.

☞ Orders from any part of the United states or Territories, enclosing the Cash or prizes in any of the Lotteries, (post paid) will meet our accustomed prompt attention.—Address to

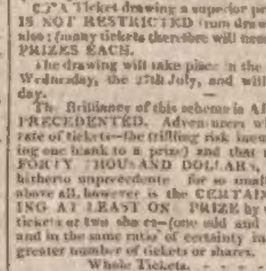
J. I. COHEN, Jr.—*Baltimore.*

Baltimore, June 2d 1825.

June 4—4tif

FOR SALE

At No. 105 N. Ninth street, 4 doors below Race.



This Ointment cures effectually the Tetter, Ringworm, scald head, breaking out in the face, the Itch, and every species of contagious Eruptions, Scrophulous Ulcers, it is also, very valuable for Burns and Scalds as it soon gives relief; none is genuine without the proprietor's name on each box, accompanied with ample directions for using it. Price of small boxes 50 cents; large boxes one dollar.

ABRAHAM HOWELL, M. D.

N. B. Those who purchase to sell again are allowed a liberal discount.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF THE SCALD HEAD.

"This is to certify, that my son Uriah was afflicted with the Scald Head from his infancy until the age of 13 years, during which time he had suffered many severe operations, while under the directions of several Physicians, to no purpose. Having been at a great deal of trouble and expense with him, without effect, was at last persuaded to apply a tar cap; not instead of removing the complaint, it became still more alarming which caused me to despair of having it cured. At length, being informed of several extraordinary cures performed by Dr. Abraham Howell, on Worms and Cancers, without cutting, and seeing several of his patients on whom he had performed extraordinary cures, in similar cases, I applied to him in 1820, I think about the first of May. When the Doctor undertook him, his head was in a deplorable state; he had lost nearly all his hair—his head was covered with one scab, and when the scab was removed, his head would become perfectly raw. Notwithstanding the state he was in, he was cured perfectly sound in two months, and until this date there is not the smallest appearance of the complaint returning—he has a fine head of hair.

ISAAC BACON, 55 Loudon st.

Sworn and subscribed before me, the 16th day of February, A. D. 1825.

(Attest) JOHN ALLISON, Justice of the Peace.

jan 4—tf

STORE FOR SALE.

THE Store, late the property of Eliphaz D. Cheyney, deceased, situated on the Old Road leading from Lancaster to Philadelphia five and a half miles east of the former place, is offered for sale. The goods are well selected and in good order, the Store recently established, and the situation worthy the attention of a person wishing to embark in a country store. Possession may be had at any time, and the terms made easy. Any information relative to the business may be had by applying to the subscriber, near the store; or by a line addressed to him, at Paradise, Lancaster County, post paid, will be attended to.

MOSES P. CHEYNEY, Administrator.

M. P. Cheyney continues his Boarding School, in which are taught the useful branches of an English education—price for Board and Tuition twenty-five dollars per quarter. Inquire as directed above.

may 28—tf

PASSMORE'S CAST STEEL SCYTHES.

JUST received, an assortment of genuine Passmore's Cast Steel Grass and Grain Scythes; Ogden's, Kerlin's, and Snyder's Shear Steel Sickles; Goodyear's Patent Steel Spring Hay and Manure Forks; together with a fresh assortment of Imported HARDWARE.

SHIPLEY & BARTRAM,

Wholesale and Retail Hardware Store,

may 28—3t No. 37 Market street.

NEW SPECULATION.

NEW Coats and pantaloons given for old ones—for further particulars enquire at No. 116 North Fifth st. above Race. JOHN MOSS.

may 7—6m

PUBLIC SALES AT AUCTION

No. 73 Market street, a few doors above Second.

On Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at nine o'clock precisely, on a credit,

A large and valuable assortment of Fresh Imported DRY GOODS, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also, a general assortment of DOMESTIC GOODS.

COMLY & TEVIS, *Auc'rs.*

Groceries, Wines, and Liquors.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has on hand an extensive assortment of Groceries, Wines, and Liquors of the first quality.

Also, Burlington Hams, put up particularly for family use, all of which he will dispose of, on the most accommodating terms. CHARLES LEHMAN,

No. 11 North Sixth street, corner of South Alley.

april 30—6t*

$50,000—WHO WANTS IT!

APPLY AT FORTUNE'S HEAD QUARTERS, No. 41 South Third street, Philadelphia, for Lucky Numbers in the following truly Splendid Scheme of the Union Canal Lottery, 17th Class, Now 5

1	Prize of	- - -	$50,000
1	do.	- - -	20,000
1	do.	- - -	10,000
2	do.	- - -	5,000
1	do.	- - -	4,720
20	do.	- - -	1,000
30	do.	- - -	500
52	do.	- - -	100

50's, 20's, 10's, &c.

YATES & M'INTYRE, managers.

To be drawn on the 6th July next. Sixty ballots—Eight Numbers to be drawn.

Tickets Nine Dollars—Shares in proportion.

Prizes in all the Lotteries in the United States received in payment for Tickets.

Orders from the country, for one or more Tickets, thankfully received and promptly attended to, if addressed to

A. HOUSE,

may 21—tf No. 41 South Third street

TO THE AFFLICTED.

JOHN B. HOWELL, late Ohio, discovered the well-known Indian Syrup for Coughs, has also his Universal Family Pills, good for the Scurvy, Dropsy, Gout, and all complaints of the Blood, with his Lotion for Rheumatic Pains, Ointment for Sores, and other Medicine, for various diseases, prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by the proprietor, No. 74 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

feb 5—tf

DUNLAP'S PAINTING

OF THE BEARING OF THE CROSS; or the procession of the Multitude to the Crucifixion of the Saviour, is now exhibited at

SULLY & EARLE'S GALLERY.

Admittance 25 cents. Artists are respectfully invited. Size of the picture 12 feet by 10. may 7—tf

TOOTH-ACHE

Cured instantaneously and without pain, even where all the known applications have failed to afford relief.

S. MILFORD, *Dentist, from London,*

ASSURES those who may be disposed to try his remedy, that he will make a perfect cure, and enable the patient to chew with the teeth that were affected, even though the complaint had been aggravated by bad treatment. In less than forty-eight hours after the pain is cured, Mr. M. can plug the tooth with the greatest ease to the patient. Black and yellow teeth cleaned and brought to their original colour, and prevented from decaying. It it has commenced. He also separates and makes the teeth even, and takes away the decayed parts.

Artificial Teeth neatly fixed and Stumps and Teeth extracted.

MILFORD'S TOOTH POWDER. This highly approved and celebrated Powder, is excelled by none in use; it not only gives the Teeth an elegant polish but preserves and hardens the gums.—Price 25 cents.

Milford's ANODYNE DROPS, for the cure of Tooth-Ache—Price 50 cents. LOTIONS, for the cure of Scorbutic Gums, and to fasten the teeth, and restore the flesh when lost—Price 50 cents. These medicines are warranted efficacious and at the same time innocent; for sale by S. MILFORD, No. 193, South Fifth, near Spruce street. may 15—1y

GOOD

82 Race Street.

L. W. RYCKMAN respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand, a general assortment of Ladies' Misses' Children's, & Misses' Nubuck and Leather SHOES, which he will dispose of, at as low prices as they can be procured for in this city. Merchants and others, having orders to fill, will find it to their advantage to call and see.

AND

BOOTS and SHOES

CHEAP.

April 9—3m

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP,

FOR Pun

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Tit for Tat—or the Coquette Punished.

Ellen was fair, and knew it too,
As other village beauties do,
Whose mirrors never lie;
Secure of any swain she chose,
She smil'd on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheated these, and taunted those,
For how could any one suppose
A clown could take her eye.

But whispers through the village ran,
That Edgar was the happy man
The maid design'd to bless;
For where never now'd the fair,
The youth was, like her shadow, there,
And rumour boldly match'd the pair;
For village folks will guess.

Edgar low'd; but still delay'd
To make confession to the maid,
So bashful was the youth;
But let the flame in secret burn,
Certain of meeting a return,
When from his lips the fair should learn
Officially the truth.

At length one morn, to taste the air,
The youth and maid in one horse chair,
A long excursion took.
Edgar had nerv'd his bashful heart,
The sweet confession to impart,
For ah! suspense had curs'd a smart,
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slacken'd once the rein,
Till Hampstead's wide extended plain
Seem'd join'd to skies above;
Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,
The wide and dreary scene to cheer,
Nor soul within ten miles to hear,
And still poor Edgar's silly fear
Forbore to speak of love.

At last one desperate effort broke
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke,
With most persuasive tone;
Recounted past attrition's o'er,
And vows, by ah that's lovely, swore,
That he would love forever more,
If she'd become his own.

The maid in silence heard his prayer,
While, with the most provoking air,
She titter'd on his face;
Then said, "'Tis time for you to know,
A lovely girl must have a beau,
Just like a reticule—for show—
And at her ball to come and go;
But he should know his place.

Your penetration must be dull,
To let a hope within your skull,
Of matrimony spring.
Your wife! Ha! Ha! upon my word,
The thought is laughably absurd
As any thing I ever heard—
I never dream'd of such a thing!"

The lover sudden drop'd his rein,
(Now on the centre of the plain,)
"The fault 'tis out," he cried,
"He plead one moment to alight,
Till I can set the matter right,"
That we may safely ride."

He said and handed out the fair,
Then laughing, crack'd his whip in air;
And, wheeling round his horse and chair,
Exclaim'd, "Adieu! I leave you there,
In solitude to roam."
"What mean you, Sir!" the maiden cried,
"Did you invite me out to ride,
To leave me here without a guide?
"Nay stop and take me home."

"What! take you home," exclaim'd the beau,
"Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know
"How such a hopeless wish could grow,
"Or in your bosom spring.
"Take Ellen home," upon my word,
"The thing is laughably absurd
"As any thing I ever heard—
"I never dream'd of such a thing!"

Answer to the Enigma published last week.

Soon after the creation, nature produced HUNGER, which is at once our enemy and benefactor—our enemy, when not well provided against the assaults of it, by quickening our appetites for the nourishment of our bodies, which is the only support of nature—its courage and firmness was the occasion of the following proverb: "Hunger eats through stone walls."

Irish method of finding a Verdict.

To bring about unanimity in a Jury at Wexford last assizes, a stratagem was resorted to. The evidence against Gribble, (the revenue officer charged with the robbery of tobacco from the King's stores) appeared to be conclusive. Notwithstanding the able defence of him by his counsel, Mr. Smith it was the general impression in Court that he could not escape conviction. Only one of the Jury however, was under that impression.—"Well gentlemen," said he to the others, "since you will not agree to adopt my view of the case, a thought strikes me by which we can get over the difficulty. I'll write 'guilty,' and then I'll retire, and you act as you think proper." The expedient was approved of—the fearful word "guilty" was written down. Our readers, no doubt, picture in imagination, the sword of justice, like that of Damocles, suspended over the head of poor Gribble; but, as the proverb says, "all is not lost that is in danger," the conscientious juryman having stepped aside, his worthy companions added "not."

"We have done taking Rye."—We are told that once on a time, a poor family having been burnt out, received much kindness at the hands of their neighbors, who continued to administer to their wants until they became comparatively wealthy. Among others who came upon an errand of charity, was a benevolent farmer with a load of rye, but on making known the object of his visit, he was chilled with the reply which stands at the head of this paragraph. This story was brought to mind by the following anecdote, recently communicated to us by a friend, with names and circumstances, and which we publish chiefly with the view of showing how extensive and inveterate is the habit of borrowing newspapers, to the incalculable wrong and injury of "the trade." A person residing in ——, in the county of St. Lawrence, had the misfortune by accident to lose his only cow, and being in low circumstances, it was proposed by the printer (B—p,) to have the citizens contribute to him to make up his loss. The suggestion was adopted and they severally gave him one dollar; and in addition to the dollar the printer sent him word that he would send him his paper three or six months. The person directly called on him, and told him, "if it would not make much difference, he would like to have him pay the money, for one of his neighbors took the paper, and he could *borrow it!*"—*Com. Adv.*

Some singular experiments have been made in France upon a very active manure, or as it is called, a *vegetable stimulant*.—Two and a quarter lbs. of the salt are dissolved in 18 gallons of water. Mr. Dubuc, an apothecary of Rouen, sprinkled a light soil with this fluid, in eight or ten days it was planted with maize or Indian corn;—and occasionally during the season, the same solution was sprinkled on the corn. Six feet distant, another portion of corn was watered with common water. The former yielded double the produce of the latter. The common sun flower (helianthus) which rises at Rouen to 6 or 8 feet, grew by this treatment to 12 or 15 feet. Potatoes yielded with the aid of this solution, poured on them, only three times, roots that were 6 inches long, 12 in circumference, and weighing nearly 2 lbs. With common water, they produced potatoes only half as long, and stalks in the same proportion. The Stimulant in question is the *Muriat of Lime*.

These extraordinary accounts have excited my curiosity to know something more about this salt. It is, I well know, composed of *muriatic acid* and *lime*, and can easily be formed by combining these two substances together. But the combination is expensive: and I wish to know whether it is found as a natural product, where found, and what is its vulgar name. Sulphat of lime, for instance, is commonly called gypsum or plaster of Paris. Will some of your correspondents favour me in the same manner with the common name of *Muriate of Lime*; and with any other useful information, which their books or their experience may suggest. Its extraordinary agricultural qualities have made me anxious to become better acquainted with it.

REMOVAL.

PHILIP WARREN respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 363, Arch street, to the north-west corner of Fifth and Prune streets, where he will keep a general assortment of the most fashionable CABINET FURNITURE, of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell at the most reasonable prices, and solicits a continuance of public patronage, which he will endeavour to merit, by his exertions to give satisfaction. april 23—tf

Bristol Boarding School

IS now open, for the reception of boys—in which are taught Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, the use of the Globes, and various branches of Mathematical and Physical Science. may 21—3m* DAVID LUKENS.

CHARLES STEVENSON, Watch maker, Jeweller, and Goldsmith, has removed from No. 115 South Second street, to No. 147 1-2 near Spruce.

JOB W. FOLWELL, Boot and Shoe maker, No. 312 North Front street, near Noble. march 26—6m*

J. UNDERWOOD, Manufacturer of Mustard, Cayenne, Pickles, Fish sauces, Ketchup, Lemon Syrup, Curry Powder, &c. No. 7 South 6th st. ap 23—6m

PORTER, ALE and CIDER, for Shipping and Home Consumption, by SAMUEL NEILL, corner of Second street and Germantown Road, sign of the Harp and Eagle.—tf

PAPER HANGING done in the best manner, at the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms, by HOWELL & CO No 74 North Sixth street, and No. 127 North Eighth street, Philadelphia.—tf

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKING, taught at a reduced price at No. 32 Branch street.—tf

CHEAP and FASHIONABLE FEATHERS, of every description, for sale by WM. G. CREASE, No. 41, South East corner of Chesnut and Third streets. tf

SMITH & WHALAND'S Brush and Bellows Manufactory, No. 29 1-2 North Third street, west side, where articles in either line, may be had at a cheap rate, wholesale and retail.

DAVID CLARK, Book Binder and Paper Ruler, No. 171 Market street, 3d story—Blank Books ruled to any patterns, and bound in the handsomest manner.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and Red BIRDS, for sale at No. 175 Cherry st, the first house above 8th st. Also, a large collection of Fancy Pidgeons.—5

KREYMBORG & HAGEDORN, No. 98 South Second st. keep for sale a large assortment of Clarified Quills.

TOOTH BRUSH MANUFACTORY, No. 119 N. Third st. above Race. ANDREW MOORE keeps for sale, on reasonable terms, Brushes of every quality.

FANCY DYEING and SCOURING, at a reduced price, by S. WILLIAMSON, No 30 North Eighth street.

RICHARD STARR'S Type Foundry, No. 168 North Ninth street——dwelling, No. 174.

JOHN McCLOUD, Hatter, No. 46 Market street, keeps constantly on hand, a large and general assortment.

GEORGE ALLCHIN, Book-Binder, and Gilder on the edges of Books, Letter & Filagree Paper, 163 Vine st.

CHAS. P. LISLE, No. 7 N. Sixth st. Land Agent, Broker and Conveyancer—also, Discounts promissory Notes.

GEORGE ALLCHIN, Backgammon and Chess Board Manufactory, No. 163 Vine street.—3

PHILIP WINNEMORE'S Fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 86 South Fourth street. An elegant assortment of Seasonable Goods of the first quality on hand.—170

B. D. TOMKINS'S Cheap Dry Goods and Fancy Store, No. 29 South Second-Street. A complete assortment of Tailors Trimmings constantly on hand.

ABRAHAM VANHORN'S Suspender Manufactory, No 92 Bank street. Suspenders wholesale and retail at the lowest prices.—sept 4

BERNS, RICHARDSON, File manufacturer & Cutler, No. 77 S. Second st. Cutlery, of every description, ground, polished and repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

TO TEACHERS.

AS Mr. and Mrs. COAD intend to sell a Young Ladies' School only, the furniture of the boys' school will be sold; those who wish to purchase, may call at No. 91 Union street, near Third. may 14—tf

PHARON GUERIN,

HAIR DRESSER, respectfully returns his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public generally, for the liberal patronage he has hitherto received, and begs leave to inform them that he still continues business at his old stand, No. 4, South Seventh street, one door below Market street. East side, where he hopes by strict attention to business, and a desire to please, he may be thought worthy of a continuance of their favor.

He cuts hair in the most fashionable style, and endeavors to adapt the mode to the physiognomy of the particular individual. Separate shaving boxes are kept for each customer. may 14—6m

BUCK-LANE HOTEL and BOARDING HOUSE,

IS pleasantly situated on the Moyamensing road, and the corner of Buck Lane, two miles from town.—Mrs. BLAW will pay every attention to Boarders to make them comfortable. ap 23—tf

Conveyancing & Land Agency Office
No. 103 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

Nearly opposite the Merchants' Coffee House.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed his Conveyancing and Land Office, from No. 74 South Second street, to the above place, where he will continue to attend to the purchase and sale of Real Estate, in the City and Country, by private or public sale. Conveyances and writings of all kinds, prepared with accuracy, neatness and despatch. A Register of houses, lots, farms, ground rents, &c. for sale, is kept, which those disposed to purchase may at all times inspect. City property, and ground rents, are entered without charge. Country property, entered and advertised in three daily papers, if wanted, at a reasonable rate. Money procured and loaned on mortgage

P. I. WILTBOHN, Conveyancer
jan 26—tf

STILLMAN'S PATENT SAW-SETTS.

A LARGE quantity is now received and offered for inspection by the *Cabinet maker*, the *Carpenter*, and other mechanics. This late and valuable invention enables the mechanic to set his saws with great expedition, and with a mathematical exactness—a thing so desirable especially in all fine work. The saw-sett may be examined and purchased at 146 North Second street, sign of the Camel, and its principles explained by

PARDON DAVIS, Agent of the Patentee.

N.B. Hardware merchants can be supplied with any quantity upon liberal terms—application as above. may 14—3t.

MONEY TO LOAN.

ON Mortgage in small and large Sums on Real Estate in the City or County of Philadelphia. Apply to P. I. WILTBOHN,
may 22—6tw Conveyancer, No. 103, S. Second st.

LEGHORN HATS.

A GENERAL Assortment of Men's and Boys' just received and for sale. Also,
3000 Sea Grass and Palm Leaf Hats,
Suitable for Country sales, by
WILLIAMS & ALBERTSON,
No. 39 Market street, N W. corner of Front.
8 mo. 25, 1823—6w*

Leghorn & Palm Leaf Hats.

3000 MEN's and BOYS' Leghorn, Palm Leaf, Straw, Chip and Manilla Hats. Just received and for sale low, by JESSE WARD, agent,
No. 42, Market Street,
may 28—tf South Side, 6 doors below 2d st.

EXCURSION TO BRISTOL.

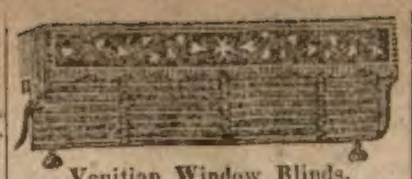
THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he still continues to provide on Sundays for company by the Steam Boats. The Ordinary will be served up at half past one o'clock. Private parties can be accommodated.

JOHN BESSONETT.

N.B.—The Steam Boat Trenton leaves the wharf at the lower or south side of Market street, at 8 o'clock, on Sundays for Bristol, and return in the after part of the day. may 28—tf

DAVID WIDENER,

DRAPER AND TAILOR, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 107 Race street, and by strict attention to his Business, will endeavor to give general satisfaction to those who will favour him with their custom. Persons wishing to find their own cloths, can have them made up and trimmed cheap for cash. A general assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres, on hand, of the first quality.
may 7—tf



Venitian Window Blinds.

THE subscribers have on hand an extensive assortment of Green Venitian Blinds, which will be sold very low for cash, on application to
BARTLESON & HARMER,
march 8—tf S. E. corner of Second and Pine sts.

NEW MARKET BEDDING WAREHOUSE,

South East corner of Pine and Second streets.

BARTLESON & HARMER, Upholsterers, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Bedding Warehouse at the southeast corner of Pine and Second streets, where they intend keeping on hand an extensive assortment of elegant ready made Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, of the best Superfine English Ticking, and best dried Feathers; elegant hair Mattresses, and a general assortment of Mattresses of an inferior quality; a quantity of Curled Hair; a general assortment of Feathers, well dried and fit for immediate use, and a quantity of Moss, Flock, Cotton, Cattail and Wool. Bedsteads and Windsor Chairs, and a number of articles in their line, all of which will be sold very low for cash. Young persons who are about commencing House-keeping will find it much to their advantage to CALL and SEE their assortment, as in point of quality and price, they will not shrink from a comparison with any other Upholsterers in the city. jan. 8—1y

TO PARENTS.

IN the Boarding School at Kimberton, in Chester County, John Buchanan, A. B. is engaged to teach the Greek and Latin, and G. T. Taylor the French Language and the practical branches of the Mathematics.—Instruction is also given in Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Geography, in the use of Maps and Globes, Drawing, Painting, &c. &c. and as a relaxation from Study, and with a view to their improvement, so far as natural inclination leads them respectively, opportunity is afforded to attend to acquiring a knowledge of mechanic tools, and their uses, of gardening, husbandry, &c. &c. but their labour is altogether voluntary.

The School for Girls is under the tuition of Abigail and Mary Kimber as heretofore; and as the School rooms are entirely separate, and the house and adjacent grounds adapted to the accommodation of both sexes, they intend to continue it, and on the original plan; and their Scholars can now have the additional advantage of instruction in the Languages, when parents require it, from the teachers in the house in the other department.

The situation is a healthful and pleasant part of the country, twenty-eight miles from Philadelphia, having a regular communication with the city, three times a week, by means of a stage. There is a licensed house of entertainment, a post office, and a Physician resident at the place.

Apply to WILLIAM KIMBER, corner of Third and Race streets, or at his office, 61 South Fifth street, Philadelphia—or to EMMOR KIMBER, Superintendant, at the School. 8th mo 28—3t

BOARDING SCHOOL AT KIMBERTON.

EMMOR KIMBER informs his friends and the public, that JOHN BUCHANAN, A. B. has taken charge of the Classical Department in the Boarding School under his superintendance. Samuel B. Wylie, of Philadelphia, who examined J. B. gave him satisfactory recommendations, stating that he "believes him to be quite competent to teach the Latin and Greek Languages." Twenty-three Boarders are at the School, and there are accommodations for as many more. Parents who have applied, and others who intend to send their children, are respectfully requested to enter them early, that they may take their places in their respective classes as formed. 1 mo 7—tf

City Dying Establishment,
No. 102½ ARCH STREET—PHILADELPHIA,
A few doors above Fifth-street.

RICHARD HARRISON, (formerly of the firm of Jones and Harrison) begs leave most respectfully to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has, at the above place, established himself in his profession, and feels confident that his endeavours to please those who may favour him with their custom, will not fail to secure their patronage to him, as a Silk Woollen and Cotton Dyer, Scourer &c.

Merchants, Families and others, are respectfully requested to pay due and prompt attention to the above, as they will find it much to their interest. His experience in the business, and his attention to it, will, he thinks, be amply sufficient to satisfy all doubts on the minds of those who may be pleased to employ him in Dying, Restoring and Retailing Piece Goods, of every description. Gentlemens' Clothes, wet, dry, or steam scoured, on an improved plan. Ladies' Coats, Dresses and Shawls, Dyed to any pattern, or Cleaned Merino Shawls Cleaned, and the colours warranted. Articles for Mourning attended to at the shortest notice.

N. B. Orders from any part of the United States thankfully received and promptly attended to.
april 30—tf

BOARDING.

TWO Gentlemen can be accommodated with boarding in a retired and pleasant part of the city, and in a private family. A note addressed to A. B. and left in our letter box, will meet with early attention—or references will be given should personal application be made at this office march 26—tf

DRESSING CASES,
Travelling Cases, Nail Scissors, & Perfumery.

W. TAIT begs leave respectfully to remind those Ladies and Gentlemen who intend to travel during the summer, to provide themselves with Dressing and Travelling Cases, a handsome assortment of which he has just finished in mahogany and morocco, superior in many respects to those imported, furnished with the best instruments, and perfumery of the latest importation, which will be sold at cost price to those purchasing Dressing Cases.

Just received, a supply of Variegated Pomatums, so much admired; Cologne and Lavender Waters, Antique Oil, &c.

Also on hand, an assortment of beautiful Scissors, with female names handsomely embossed on the blades.

225 ARCH STREET.
may 29—3t

JONATHAN FELL,
No. 52, South Front St. 4th house below Chesnut,

RESPECTFULLY informs his Customers and the Public generally, that he has now for sale the following Articles of a superior quality, and at the most reduced prices—to wit:

MUSTARD, in Bottles, Canisters and Kegs.
CHOCOLATE, No. 1 and 2, and cake No. 1.
Ground and Race GINGER.
Jamaica and Country CAYENNE and Ground Black
PEPPER.

N. B.—Families can obtain any of these articles, by applying as above. jan. 1—6m

Money! Money!—from $1 to $500.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALLS.

THE Subscriber, Licensed Pawn Broker, informs his friends, and the public in general, that he still continues to advance money on Plate, Watches, Jewellery, Furniture, Wearing Apparel, &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms, at his Office, No. 117 North Fifth-street, third door above Vine-street. The systematic form in which, for the last six years, he has been conducting his business, warrants him, he thinks, in assuring that whoever may apply to him, will find themselves perfectly satisfied in every respect. All goods left with him, will be kept six months, (or if requested, for a longer time,) insured against loss or damage by fire, and every other possible attention given for their preservation. No pledges received from minors or apprentices.

STEPHEN BLATCHFORD,
No. 117 North Fifth-street, third door above Vine-street.
may 14—3m

B. WILLIAMS, *Dentist,*
No. 172 Vine Street, between 5th & 6th sts.

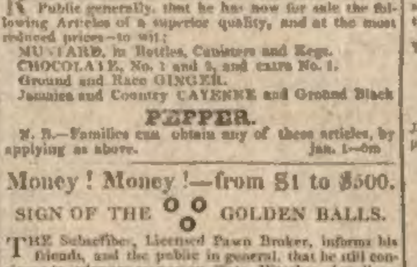
PERFORMS all operations in the line of his profession on terms which he trusts are calculated to give general satisfaction. He invites the attention of the public especially to the information which he has disseminated in the public prints on the subject of preserving the Teeth so as to render them sound and useful during life; and in all cases of decay or injury which the teeth may have sustained at any period of life will cheerfully give information and advice gratis. jan. 21—tf

Health and Pleasure Carriages.

THE Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his fellow citizens for the liberal support conferred on him since his commencement in business, and again solicits their patronage to his enlarged Establishment of LIGHT AND HEAVY CARRIAGES, of various colours, with gentle Horses and careful drivers. Also, one and two Horse DEARBORNS, GIGS, BUGGEYS and SULKEYS, all of the latest and most approved fashions.

Also, a MOURNING HEARSE, with *jet black horses*, kept for the purpose of attending Funerals. All orders punctually attended to, by

WM. CANNON,
may 7—tf No. 37 South Fifth st.



NEW GOODS,

AT the Old Establishment, No. 118 Market street, Philadelphia, where may be had at reduced prices, Convettas and Parasols of the most approved fashions, wholesale and retail, of warranted workmanship. Those sold at retail kept in repair one year gratis.

Cut Whale Bone, of all kinds kept as usual.

N.B. Wanted—an apprentice to the above business.
may 21—3t* NEHEMIAH SLEEPER.

C. M. & W. H. STOKES,
No. 16 Market street, south side, near Front,

HAVE constantly on hand, and will sell upon the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail, a handsome assortment of LOOKING GLASSES, FANCY HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c. march 5—tf

CHARLES EVANS'S PRESS-SCREW MANUFACTORY, No. 20 Bread street, (or Moravian Alley,) Philadelphia, where he has on hand, Press Screws for Pullers, Paper Makers, Book Binders, Tanneonists, &c. also, Screws for raising Mill Stones. All kinds of work done. Copper and Silversmith's Tools made on reasonable terms. A supply of the above Screws are kept at A. Shaw's, south west corner of Third and Arch streets. 195

SARAH GREEN,

INFORMS the public, that being skilled in the Healing Art, she offers her services to all those who may be afflicted with the following, viz:—Piles, Fistulas, Inflammations and Swellings of all kinds, the Dysentery, Wounds and Mortifications, the Bite of a Mad Dog (if application be made immediately,) Coughs, Diseases in the head, &c. Apply at No. 41 Lombard street, a few doors above Second. march 19—3m*

DAVIS & HANSON,
AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Front and Market streets,
march 12—6m PITTSBURGH.

TO MANUFACTURERS.
MACHINE CARDS.

THE Subscribers having the Agency of the following Manufactories, will receive orders for Machine Cards, and have them delivered in this city free of expense or risk: From either Isaac Southgate, Henry Sargent, Horace Smith, Alpheus Smith, James & John A. Smith, Jones & Wood, Silas Earle, or Pliny Earle.—They have constantly on hand, a large assortment of FILLET and SHEET CARDS, out of which they can put up orders for immediate demand, at reduced prices. They also continue to keep Whittemore's, Smith's, Sargent's, Southgate's and Earle's HAND CARDS, both *Cotton* and *Wool*, at manufacturer's prices.

Apply at their HARDWARE & CUTLERY STORE, No. 149, Market Street, Philadelphia.

G. M. & G. R. JUSTICE.

N.B.—Comb Plate and Fuller's Jacks, may also be had of them. oct. 23—1y

Books, Stationary, &c.

DAVID CLARK offers for sale at his book and Stationary Store, No. 112 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, a general assortment of School books, blank books, and stationary—together with a variety of fancy articles at reduced prices.

The highest price given for rags.

Book binding and paper ruling neatly executed at the above place, or 171 Market street. Feb. 26—tf.

SWAIM'S PANACEA.

THIS valuable Medicine has obtained a distinction which its efficacy alone can support. As a purifier of the blood it has no parallel. It is the most useful *spring and autumn alterative ever known*. All those who are afflicted with *Scrofula, Leprosy, Scurvy*, or cutaneous *Eruptions*, or any of those melancholy diseases arising from impurity of the blood and juices—who, those who suffer by *diseased Livers*, Rheumatic affections, or from indiscretion of their youth, or those whose constitutions are broken down by mercurial, antimonial, or arsenical medicines, should submit to a course of Swaim's Panacea. The effect of this Medicine is such as not to interrupt either business or pleasure, and requires only the common restraints of moderation in diet. It is conveyed by the circulating fluids, and corrects their tendencies to all those diseases which originate in vitiated blood. It is a safe, though a powerful substitute for mercury, and removes those evils which an unnecessary use of that mineral so often occasions, &c.

In all complicated cases of *Scrofula* and *Syphilis*, and where the Syphilitic Virus of the parent causes a development of Scrofula in the child, this is the only remedy upon which a single hope of recovery can be reasonably founded; there has been no instance of its failure, when properly used. It imparts vigour to the whole system while the cure is *going on—an operation so long looked for in vain by the medical world*; at the same time the patient is enabled to take nourishing food, which under the common modes of practice, is usually withheld from the sufferer. In many instances where the horrible ravages of ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where, to all appearance, no human means but amputation could have saved life; in cases extreme as even here described, have patients been snatched from the grave and restored to good health, and the devouring disease completely eradicated. *The discovery of a remedy like this was offered for sale has been a desideratum from time immemorial.*

The Proprietor does not suppose his bare assertion will convince: he will therefore give references to such as have been cured, and those under his care, among whom are many highly respectable citizens, that shall satisfy the most incredulous of its superior efficacy in the disorders for which it is here recommended. Every member of society should aid in diffusing information of this discovery—*humanity alone wates it a duty.*

CERTIFICATES.

"I have, within the last two years had an opportunity of seeing several cases of very inveterate ulcers, which, having resisted previously the regular modes of treatment, were healed by the use of Mr. Swaim's Panacea; and I do believe, from what I have seen, that it will prove an important remedy in scrofulous, venereal and mercurial diseases. "N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

"Professor of the Institutes and practice of Physic in the University of Pennsylvania, &c."

"*Philadelphia, February 16, 1823.*"

"I have applied the Panacea of Mr. Swaim in numerous instances, within the last three years, and have always found it extremely efficacious, especially in secondary syphilis and in mercurial disease. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a medicine of inestimable value. W. GIBSON M. D.

"Professor of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, Surgeon and Clinical Lecturer to the Alms House Infirmary, &c.

"*February 17, 1823.*"

"I have repeatedly used Swaim's Panacea, both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, syphilitic, and scrofulous complaints, and in obstinate cutaneous affections. "VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

"Professor of Surgery in the University of New-York, Surgeon of the N. Y. Hospital, &c.

"*New York, 1st mo. 8th, 1824.*"

AGENTS.

Boston—J. P. Hall, Druggist, No. 1 Union street.
New York—Collins & Hannay, No. 230 Pearl street; John B. Dodd & Co. Druggists, No. 181 Broadway, opposite John street.
Lancaster, (Penn.)—Henry Reffer.
Pittsburg, (Penn.)—Charles Avery & Co. Druggists.
Wilmington, (Del.)—Joseph Bringhurst, Druggist.
Baltimore—Henry Price, Druggist, Market street.
Washington City—William Gunton, Druggist.
Alexandria—Edward Stabler & Son, Druggists.
Norfolk—C. Hall, Bookseller.
Richmond, (Va.)—James M'Kildoe, Druggist.
Charleston, (S. C.)—S. Baird, Druggist.
Petersburgh, Va.—Bragg & Jones, Druggists.
Augusta, (Geo.)—Wm. R. Turpin, Druggist.
Natchez—Lehman & Beaumont, Druggists.
New Orleans—William M'Kean.
Agents in other cities will be appointed.

Patients whose situation and circumstances enable them to come to this city, and place themselves under the proprietor's care, would find it much to their advantage.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

The great demand and wonderful success of this medicine has induced a number of persons to imitate it in various ways. Some are selling Sarsaparilla and other syrups, imposing them on the ignorant for the Panacea; others are mixing the genuine medicine with molasses, &c. making three bottles out of one—thus retaining some of its virtues. These imitations and adulterations have, in many instances, protracted the sufferings of patients, in cases where the *genuine medicine* would have proved instantly efficacious.—I therefore deem it a duty I owe the public, to acquaint them, that it is impossible, from the very nature of its constituents, to be discovered by chemical analysis; and, consequently, that all other mixtures represented to be mine, and sold as such, are fraudulent and base impositions, calculated to deceive the ignorant and unwary. The genuine medicine has my signature on a label, representing Hercules and the Hydra, and my name on the seal.

Price $3 per bottle, or $30 per dozen.

Communications, post paid, and orders from any part of the world, will receive immediate attention.

☞ Printed Directions accompany the Medicine.

William Swaim,

No. 23 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, opposite the University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1823. 1—tf

STENOGRAPHY.

MR. GOULD teaches with a few lessons, a practical knowledge of his improved short hand. Individuals who cannot attend his personal instruction, may acquire the art from his book, which he has constantly for sale, wholesale and retail.

Mr. G. will continue to report sermons, trials, speeches, &c. For particulars, call at his residence, No. 82, North Ninth street. May 14—3t

Mineral Water Fountains.

THE subscriber, having commenced the Coppersmith Business, will make and repair the above articles in a superior manner and on reasonable terms.

N. B. All Copper work made to order, and by strict attention he hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

JOSEPH GAT,
May 14—tf* No. 165, North 3d st.

J. B. WOOD,

No. 42 SPRUCE STREET,
Near the Drawbridge,
Philadelphia,

Manufactures and keeps for sale, Pans, and Farming Utensils of all descriptions. Cutting Boxes may be had as above, and all orders supplied at a short notice. feb 18—tf

CHEAP and FASHIONABLE
CITY FEATHER STORE.

LADIES' and GENTLEMENS' FEATHERS, of every description, (wholesale & retail,) which for beauty, durability, and excellence of material, are equal to any in the city.

Ladies' Fancy Feathers—Plumes of different shades, Birds of Paradise, Marabou, Ostrich, Vulture, Military Feathers—Ostrich, Vulture, Chicken.

With all kinds of Military Trimmings. Will be sold at very reduced prices.

Orders from any part of the United States will be executed with neatness and despatch, by

WM. G. CREASE,

No. 41, South East corner of Third and Chesnut sts.
N. B. Feathers Cleaned, Dyed, and Repaired, at the shortest notice. feb 19—6m

P. VAN PELT, DENTIST,

GRATEFUL for past favours, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to perform all operations connected with his profession, at his old establishment (it having been reported that he had removed) No. 149 CHESNUT STREET, opposite the Bank of the United States. He makes no claim to *superior knowledge or excellence*, neither is he in possession of *enchanted instruments*, which operate without the *least pain*—nor of wonderful specifics, that *instantly cure the most violent tooth ache*—but he promises most faithfully his best endeavours to give satisfaction to all those who may honour him with their commands.

P. VAN PELT has always a supply of his Antiscorbutic Dentifrice, and the usual remedies for mitigating violent tooth ache, which will be applied gratuitously. dec 18—6m*

Franklin Institute Building Loan.

IN pursuance of authority vested in the Finance Committee of the Franklin Institute, by a resolution of the Board of Managers, May 5th, 1825, to raise by loan, pledging the property, faith, and revenues of the Institute, a sum not exceeding $34,000, divided into shares of $50 each, bearing an interest of five per cent. per annum, to enable them to purchase a Lot and build a Hall the Finance Committee hereby give notice, that Messrs. Mathew Carey, James Ronaldson, Paul Beck, Jr. Thomas Biddle, Peter Hertzog, and Robert A. Caldcleugh, are appointed Commissioners, and Nicholas Biddle, Treasurer of the Loan, and that books will be open at the Hall of the Institute, Carpenters court, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 6th, 7th and 8th of June ensuing, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. and from 3 to 6 P. M. to receive subscriptions for 680 shares of Stock, $50 each, bearing an interest of five cent. per annum, payable half yearly from September 5th 1825, irredeemable, without the consent of the holder until the 1st day of October, 1840. $5 per share to be paid on subscribing, $10 on the 5th of July, 10 on the 5th of August, $10 on the 5th of September, and $15 on the 5th of November; of which several payments 10 days public notice will be given. In case more than the sum required be subscribed, then the amount of each subscription will be reduced pro rata, provided that each subscriber shall have at least one share.

The Architect who contracts for the building, will, from time to time, grant certificates to any member of the Institute, who shall have furnished materials therefor, or performed work thereon, which certificates will be received in payment of any subsequent instalment, due by such person on stock held by him. The stock transferable on the books of the Institute only.

For Security of the payment of the Interest and redemption of the debt the faith and revenues of the Institute are pledged—together with the lot of ground in Seventh street between Market and Chesnut street 60 feet by 160—and the Hall to be erected thereon during the ensuing summer.

The plans of the Hall and model of its front, as contracted for, and an Estimate of Revenue, will be exhibited at the Hall in Carpenter's Court, on the days of subscription to the stock.

PAUL BECK, Jun.
JAMES M'ALPIN,
JAMES HARVEY, Jun.
SAM. V. MERRICK,
WILLIAM FRY.
Finance Committee of the Franklin Institute.
may 28—2t

Cheap Looking Glasses, Andirons, &c. &c.

THE Subscriber has commenced the Looking Glass and Fancy Hardware Business, at the Brick Store, South West corner of Second and Coates' street, near the New Market, N. L. where he offers for sale, at the lowest prices, for cash, a general assortment of Looking Glasses, Andirons, Shovel and Tongs, Japanned Tea Trays and Waiters, Plated Castors, Britannia Metal Tea Ware, Plated and Brass Candlesticks, Knives and Forks, Plated and Metal Spoons.

Also, an assortment of Kitchen Utensils, consisting of Iron Pots, Tea Kettles, Frying Pans, &c. together with a general assortment of Edge Tools, Locks, Butt Hinges Screws, Nails, &c.

feb 26—tf HENRY BOUREAU.

MYRIORAMA.

JUST published and for sale by PHILIP PRICE, Jr. No. 71 Market street, the MYRIORAMA, producing by combination, many Millions of Views of Landscapes, &c. designed and engraved by Robert Campbell. Also, Premiums for Schools, and Copy Slips, in great variety. feb 26—tf

CAPITAL $500,000.

THE AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY daily make Insurance on Property of every description, from loss or damage by Fire, on terms as reasonable and liberal as any similar Institution in the United States.

Buildings and Merchandize of every class, Furniture, Books, Mechanics' Tools, Materials, Machinery, Agricultural Products, Stock and Implements, Wearing Apparel, Property and Effects of all kinds, completely protected from loss by fires, or the *consequences thereof*, either in town or country.

Confining its business exclusively to insurance against fire, (being prohibited by its Charter from engaging in Marine Inquest,) this Company offers the best security for all its engagements.

Applications at the Office, No. 101 Chesnut street, either personally or by letter, promptly decided on.

JOB BACON, Sec'ry.
march 19—tf

CONSUMPTIONS, COUGHS, &c.

FOR *the cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting of Blood, Asthmas, and all diseases of the breast and lungs.*

There is perhaps no medical observation better established, nor more generally confirmed by the experience of the best physicians of all ages and countries, and one of more importance to the human family than the fact that many of the most difficult and incurable consumptions originate in neglected colds. In a climate so variable as ours, where the changes of temperature are frequently sudden and unexpected, it requires more care and attention to guard against this dangerous enemy of life, than most people imagine or are able and willing to bestow.—The bills of mortality exhibit the unhappy fact that the proportion of deaths by this disease may be considered as about five to one. Inasmuch then as this fatal disease bids defiance to the skill of the most learned physicians, it is a gratification to the proprietor that he is enabled to offer to those afflicted with it, a speedy prospect of relief, in that highly valuable remedy, the Vegetable INDIAN SPECIFIC.—The Indians are happy in their knowledge of medical plants, governed wholly by experience. They are certain as to their effect, and it is said by an author of great character, that a true consumption is a disease never known among them.

The celebrated Dr. Cullen has taught us that "our first attention should be employed in watching the approach of the disease, and preventing its proceeding to an incurable state; and in persons of a consumptive habit, especially those born of consumptive parents, the slightest symptoms of an approaching consumption at the consumptive period of life, ought carefully to be attended to."

*This Specific is obtained by extraction from herbs, roots, flowers, plants, &c. when in perfection. In consequence of a happy combination of the most valuable herbs, it becomes a balsam of superior value. It heals the injured parts, opens the pores, and composes the disturbed nerves after the manner of an anodyne; consequently the obstruction of the chest and the lungs which constitute this disease, particularly need its use. It promotes expectoration, which is commonly called for, and while it cleanses and heals, it also gives strength to the tender lungs. In this manner it removes the hectic fever, improves digestion, gives strength to the nerves, repairs the appetite and improves the spirits. This specific may always be given in safety—it is mild, pleasant to the taste, and may safely